RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Will Nixon Risk Peace? *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — August 2, 1969, 40 cents

The Police in Europe and the US

George Berkley

"Dumb" Children —*James Ridgeway*

Little Mags —*Howard Kaye*

Brazil - What's News? —*Barry Lando*

Miners Play Rough —*Edward Cox*

Easy Rider —*Stanley Kauffmann*

NR BLD7 C009 1 1069
BALDWN WLCE COLL
RITTER LIB PRD
BEREA OHIO 44017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waxing verbal

an unprecedented selection of spoken records now available to New Republic readers.

8. EDWARD R. MURROW: "I CAN HEAR IT NOW"
(Pre-war broadcasts) Each
A) 1919-1932; B) 1933-1945; 5.95
C) 1945-1949 3 LPs. Set 11.90

9. KENNEDY WIT—
From speeches, press conferences, etc. 5.98

11. REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.—
In Search of Freedom 4.98

12. SOUND OF DISSENT—
Protest Movements of the '60's 4.98

47. SAINT JOAN (Shaw)—
McKenna, Pleasence, Aylmer, etc.
4 LPs. 24.80

56. BADMEN
Spoken Voices of the West. 2 LP's. 9.70

57. BEHIND THE LINES IN VIETNAM—
Harrison Salisbury 4.95

61. BERTOLT BRECHT 5.95

70. ABBA EBAN—
Horizons of Peace 4.95

73. LENNY BRUCE—
Berkeley Concert—Uncut 6.95

89. KENNEDY SELF PORTRAIT
2 LP's. 11.90

101. The Bestiary of FLANDERS & SWANN 5.95

116. UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE 5.95

121. WAR OF THE WORLDS—
Orson Welles' famous radio broadcast of 1939 5.95

126. WNEW'S STORY OF SELMA, ALABAMA 5.95

159. ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST, DYLAN—
with Alec Guinness 11.59

170. HAND IS ON THE GATE—
Original Cast—Poetry and songs of the Negro 5.79

228. OLD GLORY—
Benito Cereno (R. Lowell) 2 LP's. 9.59

242. PETER SCHICKELE—
Hysteric Return 5.95

243. SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
(Sheridan)—Gielgud, Richardson, etc.
3 LP's. 7.77

272. REINER & BROOKS—
2,000 Years 5.95

274. TOM LEHRER, SONGS
Dixie, Dope, Harvard, Be Prepared, and others 4.95

295. STAN FREBERG'S
United States of America 5.95

301. BAUDELAIRE—
Fleurs du Mal (F) Eve Le Gallienne, Louis Jourdan 5.95

303. SAMUEL BECKETT—
Cusack 5.95

327. WILLIAM BLAKE—
Richardson 5.95

334. ROBERT BROWNING—
James Mason 5.95

344. TRUMAN CAPOTE—
Thanksgiving Visitor read by Capote 4.95

357. CHRISTIAN POETRY & PROSE—
A. Guinness 5.95

373. NOEL COWARD—
Duologues—Coward & M. Leighton 5.95

377. E. E. CUMMINGS—
Read by the Poet 5.95

390. EMILY DICKINSON—
Self Portrait—J. Harris. 2 LP's. 11.90

391. JAMES DICKEY—
Reads his Poetry 5.95

395. AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS & ELAINE MAY 4.95

404. LAWRENCE DURRELL—
Love Poems, read by the author 5.95

410. EDUCATION & RETURN OF H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N*—
Rosten 5.95

412. T. S. ELIOT—
Reading 5.95

474. GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS—
Poetry/C. Cusack 5.95

477. A. E. HOUSMAN—
Shropshire Lad, read by James Mason 5.95

519. CHARLES LAUGHTON—
Program of Readings 9.90

535. LAMENT ON DEATH OF BULLFIGHTER (Sp)
Read by G. Montero 4.95

537. ROBERT LOWELL—
Reads Own Works 5.95

558. MARSHALL McLUHAN—
Medium is the Massage 4.95

603. KENNETH PATCHEN—
Jazz & Poetry in Canada 5.95

633. THEODORE ROETHKE—
Words For the Wind—Roethke 5.95

647. CARL SANDBURG—
Fog—etc.—Read by the Author 5.95

666. TOM LEHRER
Poisoning the Pigeons, Masochism, Oedipus, The Bomb, and others 4.95

749. WM. BUTLER YEATS—
McKenna, Cusack 5.95

833. BECKET—
Dialogue Highlights/Burton, O'Toole 5.95

843. SHAKESPEARE; SOULE OF AN AGE—
M. Redgrave, cast—w/Booklet 6.95

876. PETER USTINOV—
Grand Prix of Gibraltar—Spoof on sports car racing 5.95

880. LORD BUCKLEY—
Best 4.95

WAXING VERBAL (New Republic)
1244 - 19th Street, N.W., Dept. WV
Washington, D. C. 20036 TNR 0802

Please send the records whose numbers I have circled below.

8 9 11 12 47 56 57 61 70 73 89
101 116 121 126 159 170 228 242 243 272 274
295 301 303 327 334 344 357 373 377 390 391
395 404 410 412 474 477 519 535 537 558 603
633 647 666 749 833 843 876 880

I enclose $_____ plus 25c postage and handling.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zip Code_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is Psychology Today?

At last! A magazine that bridges the information gap between responsible psychology and the educated public!

Today all of us—the executive, the salesman, the housewife, the teacher, the clergyman, and the teen-ager consistently (and often knowingly) use this thing we call psychology.

However, many of the solemn scientific truths you learned about psychology only yesterday in college are sheer myths today. In the information explosion, no field is moving faster than psychology. New and exciting discoveries which affect you deeply and personally are yielding themselves up on an almost daily basis.

Before the appearance of Psychology Today magazine, these new findings were not available in a lively, accurate monthly magazine. All that is changed. Now there is a magazine about psychology, with articles written by world-renowned experts in psychology, religion, education, child development, philosophy—the total human condition. Current and coming articles include:

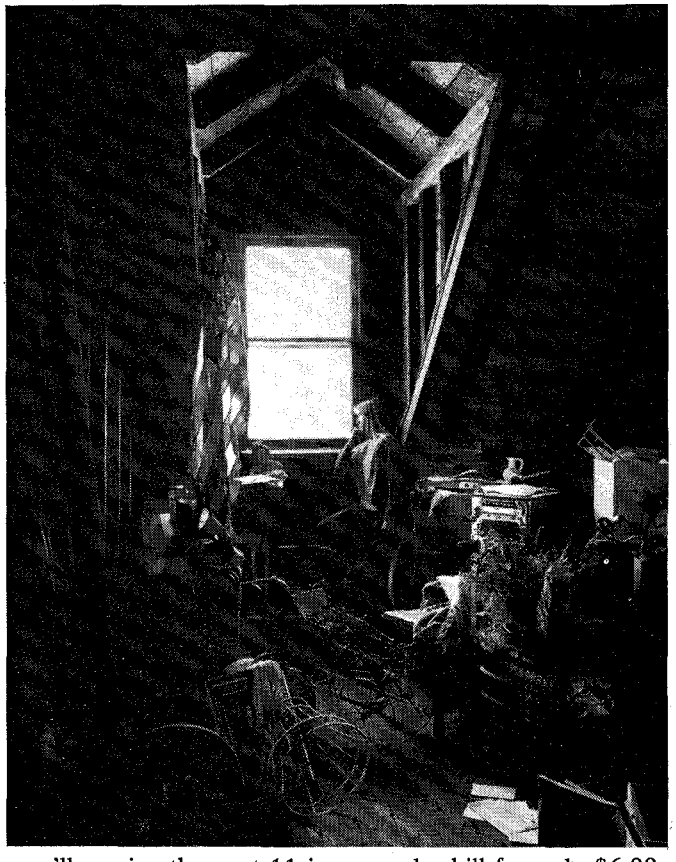
The Grim Generation	**After the Group Encounter**
Does ESP Exist?	**Are Leaders Made or Born?**
Russian Psychology	**The Sickness of Corporations**
Love and Will	**Psychology of the Japanese Samurai**
Nude Marathons	**The Reform of Mental Hospitals**
Mrs. Oedipus	***Immunization Against Persuasion***
Is Man a Machine?	**The Dangers of Group Therapy**
Learning Under Drugs	**Fantasies While Breast Feeding**
Hormones and Sex	**Homosexuality Reconsidered**
The Robot Problem	**The Psychiatrist's Power**
Adult Play Therapy	**Student Activists**
Body English	**The Icarus Complex**

No facts are beyond our pale. We talk about sex clinically and, when necessary, carnally. About children we are neither doting nor derisive. And with religion, we treat both the blasphemous and the beatific with objectivity. Lucidity is the watchword. You'll find no jargon in Psychology Today. No circumlocution, no pomposity. Our editors are as ruthless with their blue pencils as they are sensitive to your threshold of ennui.

Moreover, we think you'll like our contemporary design—full of style, boldness, and a touch of whimsy. Our pages are awash with full color photographs, and even our charts are fascinating.

Send no money

To receive your complimentary copy of Psychology Today don't send us a cent. Just fill out the coupon below, mail it to us, and we'll send you your free issue posthaste. If the magazine doesn't fascinate you—and yield you valuable insights—cancel and consider the matter closed. Otherwise



you'll receive the next 11 issues and a bill for only $6.00. The regular yearly subscription rate, not so incidentally, is more than half again as much—$10.00.

By subscribing now, you're not only making enormous savings over the newsstand price ($1 per copy) but you're also taking advantage of a special Introductory price that may be withdrawn at any time.

Receive the current issue as a gift and begin a better understanding of your children, your spouse, your boss, your mother-in-law . . . yourself.

psychology today

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY, P.O. Box 60407, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started for just $6.00, my special Introductory rate—instead of the regular $10 annual price.

6-896

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

The New Republic is published 48 weeks per year at $10, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey Inc. 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C.

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL USE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington

No Bread, and Circuses

President Nixon is whirling through Asia on his If-this-is-Tuesday-it-must-be-Beglium tour. Chances are he will look in on Vietnam, too; maybe on Russia. This creates good will for America, it is widely believed, and if it doesn't, well anyway it takes our minds off our problems back home.

Come to think of it, we have had our share of diversions recently. Roman aristocrats kept the plebs happy with bread and circuses. Sen. McGovern is still trying to get bread for the hungry (without too much success) but circuses we have in plenty. First was the British Investiture, and it was fun. Then the Moonshot. That was splendid except that Mr. Nixon kept popping in and out; we finally got confused and thought he was inside one of those ghostly space suits on the moon and would look out anytime and tell us how historic it all was. (We somehow never worried about the fliers themselves; we were sure Walter Cronkite would get them down safe.)

And now the big Nixon Asia caper. Starting with the Philippines, Saturday, he will polish off seven countries in nine days, with maybe a couple of added starters. This will add a personal touch to his considerable knowledge of these places, we are told, and improve international relations no end.

Incidentally, we give warm support to Mr. Nixon's easing of trade and tourist restrictions with Red China, even though it is only a token. Trying to isolate a nation with one-quarter of the population of the world is, we think, pretty silly and plays right into the hands of the xenophobic ruling clique. Mr. Nixon has taken one of those forward steps which make it so hard to picture his Administration in simple black and white.

We thought Mr. Nixon's message on birth control (pardon us, "population planning") was fine, too. This, folks, is the world's biggest problem. If you run out of things to worry about sometime, try that. On this spaceship, Earth, there are at present 3.5 billion people; by AD 2000 this will double. We're an infected planet. Just to take care of the US increase alone, the President says, we should build a new city of 250,000 (the size of Tulsa) *each month* to the end of the century. We shall have an extra 100 million by then.

That little war between El Salvador and Honduras is really a population war; it's a grab for empty land. Overcrowding produces wars, famines, and pestilence.

Americans have come an amazing distance since President Eisenhower declared primly in 1959, "I cannot imagine anything more emphatically a subject that is not a proper or political governmental activity or function or responsibility." Ex-Senator Ernest Gruening (D., Alaska), had the guts to hold public hearings on birth control, sitting alone, day after day, when most of his colleagues fought shy of the delicate subject. Mr. Nixon steps gingerly, too; he says he will not "infringe upon the religious convictions" of anybody, in "a matter of conscience."

That means, of course, the Catholic Church, which is the world's biggest opponent of birth control. Under normal circumstances this would be no business of anyone outside the Church, although statistics of Catholic countries show that many millions are simply ignoring the Church teachings. The trouble is that the issue affects everybody, even, perhaps, the survival of the human race.

One of the highest birthrates is in Central and South America. A high birthrate means overpopulation, overpopulation means misery, misery means that kind of proletarian revolution which often turns against the Church. We note the words of outspoken TV commentator Howard K. Smith, himself a Catholic, a few years ago: "[The Church] once rejected Galileo and later Darwin. But it changed its mind. . . . The Church will, I am convinced, come to peace with this problem, because the facts have become too overpowering."

When Mr. Nixon gets back from his global dash he must finally decide his priorities. They won't wait. We expect another 25,000 troop withdrawal in August. And we expect his long-promised revision of the messy welfare system, with whatever he proposes to do about income maintenance. This is a decisive step. We shall try to postpone judgment on his Administration till then.

The basic problem in America is disparity of income – poverty amidst plenty. Mr. Nixon can do something about it if he wants to. The Vietnam war seems to be coming to an end and he can prevent the Pentagon from grabbing the peace bonus. He can curtail flights to the moon for awhile, and to Mars, hard though this will be on Spiro Agnew. (The best speech in Washington last week was by George Romney, grimly demanding that housing be given priority over moon trips.) And Mr. Nixon can get more money to aid the hungry and wretched by a better tax system. That's what the fight to clse tax loopholes is all about. Some millionaires pay no taxes. Oil companies have their outrageous 27½ percent depletion allowance. It is true Mr. Nixon favors the allowance, but now the House Ways and Means Committee has voted to cut it to 20 percent. Oil companies plan a scare campaign, threatening higher prices. Nonsense. An ocean of cheap foreign oil waits abroad, excluded by US quotas, while we subsidize huge companies at home. What Democrats fear is that the Administration doesn't really want tax reform, though it says it does.

At Lubbock, Texas, November 1, Mr. Nixon solemnly promised that he would never tamper with oil depletion. Spiro Agnew, former governor and county executive, opposes taxing interest from tax-exempt bonds, as does Attorney General John Mitchell, long a leading tax counsel for issuers of such bonds. Presidential economist Arthur Burns is against taxation of capital gains. Treasury Secretary Kennedy likes the so-called stock-option loopholes; HUD Secretary Romney wants to keep the loophole allowing quick depreciation of speculative real estate. So it goes through the whole Administratiton.

And now a sad closing word on Ted Kennedy. We hoped to vote for him in 1972. We think a wrong turn on Chappaquiddick Island sank not only his car but his Presidential chances.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Volume 161, Number 5, Issue 2849, August 2, 1969. Published weekly (48 issues a year) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1969 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

Contents

5-10 Comment
Will Nixon Risk Peace? Unwanted People; What on Earth; Arkansas Vandals; Several Million Felons; Who Gets Drafted? Bye, Bye, Byrd; Hold Your Nose

11 News You Won't Find in Brazil's Newspapers – *Barry Lando*

13 The Miners Play Rough – *Edward Cox*

15 How the Police Work – *George Berkley*

19 "Dumb" Children – *James Ridgeway*

22 Films – *Stanley Kauffman*

23 Books – Reviews by *Reed Whittemore, J. M. Edelstein, Howard Kaye*
Poems – *Ralph Robin, Judith Kroll*

33 Correspondence

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Literary Editor – Reed Whittemore
Associate Literary Editor – Stanley Kauffmann
Assistant Literary Editor – Deborah Field
Associate Editors – David Sanford, Joseph Featherstone, John Osborne
Production Manager – Ira Klafter
Assistant to the Editors – Gwen Somers
Contributing Editors – Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, James Ridgeway, Paul Wieck
S.E. Asia Correspondent – Zalin B. Grant
London Correspondent – Anthony Howard
Publisher – Robert J. Myers
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
Advertising Manager – Holly Reppert
National Advertising Director – F. F. McAdams
20 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036

Will Nixon Risk Peace?

When Melvin Laird was nine years old, prosperity was "just around the corner," or so the Republicans said in the election campaign of 1932. The voters were skeptical then, and they are now when they are told by Secretary of Defense Laird that "we've certainly turned the corner [in Vietnam]." It looks suspiciously like the corner the French High Commissioner in Vietnam, General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, must have had in his mind's eye when he pledged that France would save Indo-China "from Peking and Moscow." That was 1950. In the 14 years since the first American advisers were sent to help Ngo Dinh Diem, the United States has paid heavily for official optimism, though not as heavily as the Vietnamese. The public is now less easily reassured. The "peace crowd" no longer has a monopoly on the idea the war's a waste, if not a disgrace. The idea is sinking in that the corner won't be turned until Washington turns its back on the war, stops applying "maximum pressure," stops propping up a regime that doesn't want to make peace, or can't. George Ball has said it: "At no time since the Second World War could the United States have intervened effectively in Vietnam."

Still, the old church bells chime. General Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, returned from Vietnam last week to pronounce: "I must say that I find the situation good." Ding dong. No such sounds are heard in Paris. There, reports correspondent Robert Shaplen, one can only detect "a dialogue of the deaf." Hanoi repeats that it will not deal with "puppets" and the US should get out. We respond by saying we "will not accept a one-sided withdrawal . . .," though no other kind is possible. Like it or not, the Vietnamese, whatever their politics, are where they belong, and we're not. Secretary of State Rogers contributes the stale remark that Washington "would be disturbed" by any change in Saigon, except "through elections." Where's he been? There *were* elections, stage-managed by another Secretary of State, the CIA and the Pentagon, and no one's the safer for them. The war goes on.

Mr. Nixon's problem, as President and politician, is that his country is in a war it's sick of, that public opinion sees less and less reason to spend $20-$30 billion a year on "saving" Vietnam when the US is in a mess. What is the President to do? He could let the military have its way; he could up the investment in Vietnam.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But only in theory. Once Lyndon Johnson withdrew from the Presidential race, once the military's request for an additional 200,000 troops had been turned down, once the Paris talks had begun, the pouring in of more Americans, more dollars, more firepower was effectively foreclosed.

But the alternative to hitting harder is not necessarily getting out rapidly. Here is where the tempter enters. What has not been foreclosed is the possibility of our holding on, but at far less cost in American lives and money. It may be an appealing alternative to a President whose heart belongs to John Foster Dulles, but who naturally gravitates to the middle of any road. Limited disengagement is the alternative that commends itself to former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford and to McGeorge Bundy. Mr. Bundy wants to keep "at least 100,000 troops in place for years." Mr. Clifford wants us to support Saigon with our Air Force, our artillery, and "logistics personnel"; in brief, the weapons, the ammunitions, the transport *and* about a quarter of a million "noncombat" troops. It is nothing more than a continuation of the Johnson policy, adapted to the political exigencies of 1969. Its underlying assumption is that the voters will put up with the war for a few more years, if it hurts less – if casualties drop sharply as a consequence of combat troop withdrawals.

It won't work. For one thing, the public isn't going to endorse having 250,000 troops in Vietnam dependent for their protection on the South Vietnamese army. Carrying on the war, though cutting its costs (to us) will not even see the Republicans successfully through the 1970 elections. It prolongs the agony. The public wants out. For all General Wheeler's reassurances, and Joseph Alsop's too, the way out is blocked if we continue holding hands with Thieu and Ky. They can put thousands in jail, but it is they who are prisoners in their own land. They can make bold speeches, but they cannot govern because they cannot make peace with their internal enemies. They rule on borrowed time and money. Their army since the beginning of this year has had approximately 70,000 desertions. Their better-heeled countrymen are defecting. "A growing number of South Vietnamese," reports *The New York Times* of July 16 "[are] departing for other countries." Requests for exit visas are described as "incredible." "Apprehension about South Vietnam's future," the *Times* said, "is also showing up in the real estate market, where prices are declining. Vietnamese businessmen are shying away from 'investments that will not repay capital in three years or less.' "

The strutting in Saigon would be comic if it were not tragic. Shortly after President Thieu said he would permit the NLF to compete in internationally supervised new elections, his Prime Minister inserted the qualifier that such elections would not be open to anyone who makes "Communist propaganda." General Ky added that he was tired of being forced "to go back and forth to Paris uselessly," and that if the NLF did not accept President Thieu's election plan (it did not), the South should pull out of the Paris talks (it has not). Then Ky warned of a military coup in the South by disaffected, anti-Communist officers, should there be any further signs of softness toward the foe. At which point, the Saigon Senate which has little confidence in President Thieu, rebuked him for his initial offer, saying he had overstepped his authority. But no, said Mr. Thieu, "we have not conceded anything." Which is what the NLF and Hanoi had already concluded.

"Seize the chalice of opportunity," Mr. Nixon advised us in his inaugural address. It is his for the seizing. But he must face the possibility, some think probability, that the Communists will eventually take over in the South. That is a risk the President must frankly take. If he does, he will instruct his representatives to discuss the kind of government in Saigon that *can* make peace. He will not obstruct, indeed he will facilitate, the emergence of an interim coalition in the South with which the NLF, or Provisional Revolutionary Government as it now calls itself, can negotiate. That interim government would have to include in sufficient numbers and in sufficiently prominent positions representatives of the NLF, as well as peace-minded non-Communist leaders who are not identified with the present regime. Not all of them are in Southern jails or in exile.

There may have been a time, how long ago no one knows, when a non-Communist coalition representative of and having the confidence of a wide spectrum of religious and political and professional and military elements in the South might have rallied the South Vietnamese and isolated and disarmed the insurrectionists. No longer. Now, nothing short of a replacement of the Thieu-Ky crowd by a true coalition can create the conditions under which a settlement can be reached, permitting the US to disengage.

This week, the President and Secretary Rogers travel about Asia on a mission of reassurance – the President to Indonesia, Thailand, the Philippines, India and Pakistan (and perhaps Vietnam), Mr. Rogers to Taiwan, Japan and Korea. Reassurance of what? That we are and intend to remain a "Pacific power," that notwithstanding token troop withdrawals from Vietnam and perhaps more to come, we, like General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, will not abandon our friends to "Peking and Moscow?" Of course we ought not to abandon them, and we have much to give. They too belong to the human race. But one hopes that the President and Secretary Rogers will keep their cool on commitments permitting no Asian government of the moment to believe that if it can't pacify its own malcontents, the US will do it for them. *That* is the reassurance owed the people of the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

municipal and commercial jobs. At present, there are only three black policemen on a force of 20, and they're in the lowest possible rank. One municipal department store which does 90 percent of its business with blacks has them mopping floors but not selling.

The leaders of the boycott figure that the merchants, besides being forced to hire more Negroes, will eventually put pressure on the municipal government, police department and court to give blacks more respectful treatment. That's eventually. Meanwhile one boycott leader was fined $110 for spitting on the sidewalk and then jailed by the judge for "making faces at me." The boycott has been peaceful, but the county sheriff has deputized 70 men to handle it. One deputy took it upon himself to threaten the pickets with a pistol. He was arrested by a black patrolman, but later released.

Several Million Felons

John Hart: You think it [marijuana] eventually will be as legal as alcohol.

Dr. Roger Egeberg (Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, HEW): Well, yes. But whether that will happen in my lifetime or not, I don't know.

CBS Morning News interview, July 17

President Nixon wants Congress to discard the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914, the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, and the Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965 and replace them with a single law that would be free of their rigidity, their stigma, and their unconstitutional provisions. The Controlled Dangerous Substances Act of 1969 would classify all abused drugs in four "schedules" according to their medical use and potential abuse, with a sliding scale of penalties.

Mr. Nixon has sought to explain his proposal in as liberal terms as possible. He understands that "several million" college students have tried marijuana, hashish, LSD, amphetamines or barbiturates He says also that he knows there is a "dearth of scientific information" on drugs and that " 'experts' deliver solemn judgments which are poles apart." Nevertheless, the casual experimenter knows he can get into trouble with the law and is therefore "at the very least, rash and foolish. The psychologically dependent regular users and physically addicted are genuinely sick people." All this seems reasonable enough.

His bill, summarized by Attorney General Mitchell, is something else. Stiffest penalties are reserved for drugs about which science and the Justice Department know the least. "Schedule I" drugs are those "which have no approved medical use and which are dangerous drugs *requiring further research to determine the nature of their effects.*" LSD, marijuana and heroin, according to the Attorney-General, all come under "schedule I." *Possession* of a drug in this category *without intent to sell* would be punishable by imprisonment for not less than two years or more than ten and/or a fine of not more than $20,000. The "sick" and the "rash," for the minimal crime of possession, get the same treatment: jail and a fine.

Who Gets Drafted?

It has for some time been General Hershey's view that draft-age men arrested in demonstrations should be considered draft delinquents and, as such, should be reclassified 1-A and inducted. The policy was improvised in 1965 by Col. Arthur Holmes, Michigan's state selective service director, to deal with sit-in demonstrators convicted of trespassing at Ann Arbor local board, and was based tenuously on a provision of the Universal Military Service and Training Act that customarily deals with persons who fail to register for the draft or who don't show up for physicals. Hershey thought the approach very clever and in October 1967, wrote all state directors advising them to make it Standard Operating Procedure.

On June 6, a US Court of Appeals ruled that punitive use of the draft is illegal. "A registrant's protest activities," said the court, "are not to be considered in determining his Selective Service classification." The decision should have put an end to punitive conscription, but apparently only some boards have chosen to feel the force of the law. Hershey himself has refused to notify boards formally of the ruling; and the boards are reacting with characteristic imperviousness.

A Democratic congressman from New York, Edward Koch, wrote to boards in his state and to selective service directors throughout the country on July 2 reminding them of the appeals court decision. The replies he received documented the arbitrariness of the sacrosanct independent draft-board system.

New York City's director replied that city boards never listened to Hershey in the first place and don't draft dissenters. The District of Columbia director said he had advised boards of the court's action. Phillip R. Hall, the New Hampshire director, took umbrage at the suggestion that he presume to tell local boards what to do; board members are "chosen for their judgment and common sense," he said. "I would be remiss in my duty were I to instruct the local board members . . ." Other state directors did not bother with detailed replies but did what comes naturally to Hershey's sycophants. Mike Y. Henrix of Georgia and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harold C. Wall of Florida merely forwarded Koch's letter to the General.

Koch scanned the replies and found their variation "incredible." "It is apparent," he says, "that only if a directive is issued by General Hershey himself . . . can we be assured that there will be uniform compliance."

Bye, Bye, Byrd

Three weeks ago in these columns, Paul R. Wieck reported that "the old gang's fading fast in Byrdland." It has since faded out. In the Virginia gubernatorial primary, July 15, Bryd-man Fred Pollard, the Lt. Governor, came in third (95,000 votes) in a three-man Democratic race. Ex-Ambassador William Battle led State Sen. Henry E. Howell, but only by 6,000 votes.

Howell's was the surprise performance. In the Hampton Roads area, organized labor and black voters helped him to carry all four cities, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News and Hampton, some by clear majorities. He also swept the rural white boxes in Chesapeake County, which did well previously by Barry Goldwater and George Wallace. Black voters in Richmond gave Howell enormous majorities. In adjacent but suburban Chesterfield County organized labor and Wallace whites put him in a close second. Howell carried six of the state's ten congressional districts.

Only in the western half of the state, where courthouse politics and the attitude of the local banker still count heavily, did Howell trail. Even here, there were surprises. He led in Frederick County, the ancestral, rural home of the Byrd machine and got a clear majority in Sen. Harry F. Byrd's home precinct.

All the guns will now be trained on Howell. "Radical" will be the least of the charges thrown at him. He's not undeserving of that epithet. He has a long record of taking insurance companies and private utilities to court (and winning), to prevent undue rate hikes. He campaigned against the sales tax on food and drugs. He exposed vote corruption wherever he went. He shouted against the bosses, the "interests." He enlisted outsiders – students, poor whites in Appalachia, intellectuals in northern suburbs.

Enthusiasts for the "new politics" see in Howell the promise of that coalition which eluded them in 1968. ADA's new national chairman, the Rev. Joe Duffey of Connecticut, told a press briefing the day before the first primary that Howell was putting together the kind of package ADA is interested in nationally – black and white, brain and shop workers, richer and poorer.

Ex-Ambassador Battle, who was expected to run away with the nomination, is by contrast a moderate, a fair man of aristocratic benevolence. He ran on worthy but safe issues such as better education, more mental health facilities. But to some, he seemed more interested in who would run Virginia for the next 30 years than in whom it is to be run for.

A run-off between Battle and Howell will be held August 19, and the winner will then confront the rather modern Republican candidate, Linwood Holton. Whatever the outcome, Virginia is likely to be better led than it has been for many a year.

Hold Your Nose

Every intersection in a big city today is a parking lot. Lights may beckon traffic forward, but the arithmetic of our automobile population says, "Two inches, man." In a moment of moody speculation a New York newspaper has even dreamed up a scenario in which one final suburban car would slip into Manhattan's traffic pattern of approximately one million vehicles, and "everything from the Bronx to Queens would come to a halt." But with motors running, each car would go right on helping to slowly gas us to death with carbon monoxide and other assorted poisons.

Since technological relief is not in sight, each pedestrian and motorist must do his own exhaust-avoidance thing. Here are some practical, simple rules:

1. Stand back at the building line while waiting for lights to change, *not at the curb*. When walking on sidewalks, stay near the buildings, not the traffic.

2. Avoid standing or crossing directly in back of a car with its motor running. If you have no choice, *hold your nose shut*. (Don't be embarrassed – more city pedestrians are doing it all the time.) If your hands are full, it's possible to contract your nose muscles sharply enough to close your nose almost entirely.

3. When in an open-windowed bus, sit on the aisle if possible, not on the street side where all the gases lunge through the windows full strength.

4. Have the muffler and exhaust pipe of your car checked, so fumes can't leak through the floor to the interior. Have a mechanic check plugs, carburetor, and other parts regularly, to reduce exhaust; likewise your pollution control if you have one.

5. Don't start your car in a closed or nearly closed place.

6. Close car windows and ventilator before heading into dense concentrations of traffic. Don't keep cooped up for excessive periods, however, or you might finally use up all the oxygen in the car.

7. If you can drive an alternate route, stay out of tunnels. They can contain up to twelve times as much carbon monoxide as the outside air.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prices Down, Arrests Up

News You Won't Find In Brazil's Newspapers

Rio de Janeiro

One of the first subjects Brazil's President Costa e Silva raised with his recent guest, Nelson Rockefeller, was the treatment of his government by the US press: it lies when it says there is no freedom; it is unfair when it says Brazil has a military regime.

Well, Costa e Silva has no such complaints about his own papers. On June 7, his Justice Minister notified all Brazilian papers they were to print nothing that might "provoke disharmony among the armed forces or between them and the public"; nothing about workers' movements, strikes, or any other acts that could cause "subversion of the public order," including any headlines about "subversive movements in foreign countries"; nothing about recent arbitrary government actions against a number of political figures; nothing about any of the banned student unions; nothing about political statements by such personalities as Brazil's Archbishop Dom Helder Camara, an outspoken critic of the government; nothing that might tend to undermine the morality of the Brazilian family, including commentaries on films, plays, or nightclub acts considered to be in bad taste. And nothing about any hostile acts against Rockefeller, nor any mention of cancellations of his visits to other countries.

That took care of the press. The legislators had been put in their place earlier. On December 13, 1968, Costa e Silva ordered Congress closed, after it refused to allow the government to try one of their members for speaking out against the military. It has remained closed ever since. The government administers by decree. The same Institutional Act that enabled the President to shut down the Congress gave him the right to intervene in any states or municipalities. He can suspend the political rights of citizens for ten years and withdraw the mandates of elected officials, without review by judicial authorities. The guarantee of habeas corpus is also suspended in cases of political crimes. Since last December, 294 citizens have lost their political rights, including 67 members of the opposition MDP party. Hundreds of others have been forced out of government posts. This includes 68 university professors, leaders in the fight to reform Brazil's archaic educational system.

Some 250 university students have been expelled under another decree, which stipulates that any student participating in anti-government protests shall be thrown out of school for three years. About one hundred teachers mixed up in protests have lost their posts for five years. There are probably more than 700 political prisoners in Brazil; but no one can be sure of the number since the government releases little information, and papers can't print anything on the subject. Governor Rockefeller didn't meet some of the people he had intended to see for the simple reason that the police had them. Gilberto Gil, one of Brazil's best folk singers, is reportedly under house arrest. Another, Gerald Vandre, who won second prize in Rio's annual song festival, fled to Chile after the military took exception to his lyrics and banned all sales and broadcasts of his recording.

Police in Rio recently raided a home, looking for the president of the outlawed National Students Union. He was not there; so they picked up another student leader for questioning, took him in a boat on Guanabara bay, cut his thumb down three sides, peeled it back like a banana; stuffed sand in his mouth and nose, taped them up, tied his hands together, and dumped him into the bay – in a shallow spot. The student, under an assumed name, lay recovering in a Rio hospital while Rockefeller was in town.

A few weeks earlier, one of Dom Helder Camara's top aides, a priest, was murdered in the northeastern state of Pernambuco. The leader of the student union of Pernambuco was machine-gunned. Both murders were carried out by a vigilante group known as the Command of Communist Hunters. Most observers believe it has strong ties with local military authorities.

The military have been running things since 1964; 630 people – including three former presidents – have lost their political rights, thousands of others have been peremptorily dismissed from office. Under Costa Silva's predecessor, Castella Branco, few Brazilians were afraid to discuss politics openly. Today many are.

Just before Governor Rockefeller's press conference in Rio, a Brazilian journalist approached me with a kind of request unheard of two years ago. "You foreign reporters are going to be leaving Brazil," he said, "but we have to stay. So would you ask Rockefeller what he thinks about the press censorship here. We're afraid of retaliation if we ask him." (When I did ask, the governor carefully maneuvered his way around any direct answer: "I've come here to meet with people and listen and report what I hear back to President Nixon.")

US businessmen in the country are quite pleased, however, with the way things are going. The government is dealing with subversives, keeping anti-American demonstrators off the streets, and finally putting its financial affairs into shape.

The rate of inflation has been reduced from 85 percent a year in 1964 to a more respectable 15-20 percent a year. Industrial growth has surged ahead in Sao Paulo and gained a foothold in the impoverished northeast. The gross national product increased a healthy six percent last year, and may do as well or better in 1969. There has been a severe crackdown on tax evasion and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smuggling. (Social climbing Brazilians who used to put Brazilian cigarettes into US packages to impress their friends, now carry their contraband US cigarettes in Brazilian packages to escape detection.) Exports are being officially encouraged. The balance of payments is in better shape than it has been for a long time. But although the GNP has gone up, the distribution of income is more lopsided now than it was in 1964.

The Brazilian military can no longer be described as the bulwark of the oligarchy. A new generation is coming up through the ranks – tough nationalists, intent on modernizing Brazil. They have high respect for technocrats and little regard for civilian politicans. Receiving paltry salaries themselves, the young officers show a blatant contempt for businessmen, politicians and bureaucrats who have reaped large profits in questionable enterprises.

These officers cannot be neatly stamped as "Nasserites." They would not be adverse to state-run enterprises or the nationalization of foreign holdings – if that were necessary. Their ideas vary, their ideology is largely inchoate. They sense the need for reform. On the other hand, they have been instilled with the notion that without order, discipline and hierarchy, the very existence of the armed forces would be jeopardized.

Thus, the many paradoxes of this government. For example, for the first time there is strict enforcement of income tax collections; yet the tax rates themselves are highly regressive. A progressive land-reform law was decreed earlier this year, but few believe the law will be widely enforced. An important school-construction program is underway, but the educational system is as archaic as ever.

South America at a glance

The military *coup* of 1964 was openly embraced by the United States, and on the insistance of the then Ambassador Lincoln Gordon, Washington recognized the new regime within 24 hours, though the new government's policies were largely unknown. But this past May, Mr. Gordon, now president of Johns Hopkins University, was one of 78 US Latin American specialists who cabled Costa e Silva protesting purges in Brazilian universities. There was no such public criticism by Gordon or the US when similar purges were carried out following the '64 *coup*.

Under Ambassador John Tuthill, who succeeded Gordon in 1967, US support for the military regime was less blatant. And when the Institutional Act was decreed last December, Washington suspended aid and the State Department announced it was "studying" the situation. Tuthill reportedly wanted more – a stiff protest condemning the anti-democratic measures. He won approval all the way up the bureacratic ladder to the Under Secretary of State. The question of a strong note was then put to Dean Rusk. As one good source has it, Rusk asked two questions: Had the Costa e Silva regime murdered many people? Was there any danger to US investment? The answer to both queries was no, and that settled the matter. No note.

Early this year, a group of "young Turks" in the Rio Embassy felt that the US should take a tough line: no assistance, plus a note condemning military takeovers in Latin America. The US AID director in Brazil, Bill Ellis, hearing about the group, called them to his office. After some debate, they voted 19 to 4 in favor of cutting aid. Their suggestion was passed on to Washington. As one of them put it: "Paving a four lane highway is not social revolution. Nor is feeding 500,000 kids in northeast. Lets do something to change things. Not just build dams."

No strong note was ever issued by Washington. But aid was suspended for a few months, irritating local US businessmen and bringing consternation to a number of foreign banks and lending institutions. Slowly, Washington has quietly begun to ease its aid restrictions. In April a long-pending $50-million loan was released after the Brazilians promised not to play up the loan as representing American support for the regime. Additional loans have since been granted. Congress may be permitted to reopen in August, but it will be at the will of the military. There will likely be a series of political crises and intermittent periods of repression. When it comes time for Congress to elect another president of Brazil in 1971, there are few who doubt he will be a military man.

Barry Lando

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Miners Play Rough

Electing a Union President

For the first time since 1926, when John Brophy ran against John L. Lewis, the United Mine Workers of America will have a real contest for the union presidency. On May 29, Joseph Yablonski, a member of the International Executive Board, announced his candidacy against the incumbent Tony Boyle. If Yablonski loses, it won't be for a lack of a case against the incumbent. The union leadership, enjoying its high salaries, special benefits and nepotism, has lost contact with the rank and file.

When the wildcat strikers of the black-lung movement in West Virginia marched on Charleston last spring, they booed the district UMW headquarters, which had ordered them to go back to work. The spontaneous strikes and demonstrations produced a revision of the state's workmen's compensation laws. In Pennsylvania, where black-lung laws give more protection to the miners (Yablonski figured prominently in the lobbying effort), coal miners are troubled about other matters. The union and anthracite companies, most of which are in Pennsylvania, recently announced a contract that includes an outrageous "slave labor" clause giving companies the right to force miners to work seven days a week. When Boyle and his boys addressed miners at Gallitzin, Pa., they were drowned out by jeers and catcalls.

John L. Lewis was a tidal force. Tony Boyle is not. He is described by close associates as "moody and suspicious." But he is running hard now. When he spoke at Welch, W.Va., July 13, spot advertisements were carried hourly for several days on at least five radio stations in the area. Press releases including a biography and picture of Boyle were sent to the papers and TV stations. Buses, allegedly paid for out of union funds, carried Boyle supporters to the rallies. The UMW president arrived surrounded by union officers. Burly sergeants-at-arms were stationed at strategic spots in the hall. Behind the speakers' platform hung a larger-than-life picture of Boyle. He defended his six-year record, attacked the "do-gooders" who would "run this union," and called for union solidarity against "those who would split us." Emphasizing it was not a political speech, Boyle informed the miners of a new UMW department of occupational health, created on June 23 by a special session of the International Executive Board.

On the same day, Yablonski spoke to a small group of miners in the bleachers of an old and neglected athletic field in Matewan, W.Va. News of the meeting was passed around by word of mouth. Three union district representatives were present, writing down the names of those they recognized. Yablonski stood among the miners. He said he wanted to make the union both democratic and militant. He talked about changes in safety laws and in the union pension fund which would make coal mining more humane.

The miners understood. Although they get a basic daily wage of $32 while in the mines, they receive pitifully small sums when they are disabled. A miner's widow also has a hard time of it. An average of 300 miners are killed each year. Their widows get between $30 and $90 each month from the state and $2,000 for funeral expenses from the UMW pension fund. After 12 months the union takes away their hospital cards which had entitled them to free hospital care when their husbands were alive.

The Mine Workers Journal fawningly covers every activity of the union officers. (Its editor depends upon Tony Boyle for his job.) A recent 24-page issue carried 28 flattering pictures of Boyle; the discontent of the miners voiced at the Gallitzin rally was blanked out. Yablonski's announcement of his candidacy – reported by *The New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek* – got no mention by the *Journal*. However, the *Journal* staff wrote an eight-page scandal sheet entitled "Election Bulletin," in which Yablonski was called ". . . the ex-convict, the thief, the deserter of his family, the shakedown artist and the informer on his brother union members." (In 1931, by his own admission, Yablonski spent eight months in jail for breaking into a slot machine, which had taken his money.)

Since declaring his candidacy Yablonski has been fired as director of the union's Labor Nonpartisan League, threatened with a loss of salary, and physically assaulted. On June 28, after talking to local union leaders in Springfield, Ill., he was knocked out from behind by a karate chop. According to the doctor who treated him, the blow would have been fatal if it had landed one-quarter of an inch closer to the spinal nerve. A day later, 50 "pickets," paid $20 apiece and organized by a certain John Karlavage (he's paid $15,400 a year by the UMW as an International Representative), broke up a pro-Yablonski meeting at a school in Shenandoah, Pa. Karlavage is also the president of the Shenandoah Borough Council; he had tried

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to convince the school board secretary to lock out the meeting. Although unsuccessful he managed to deter the town police from giving the meeting requested police protection.

Back in the days when unionists were fair game for Pinkerton goons, union solidarity was a necessity and elections a luxury. As a result, most of the 23 union districts have traditionally had presidents appointed by the International. Boyle recently eliminated two more districts which still had elected presidents: now there are only four districts with autonomous officers. District organizations supply ready-made, union-paid campaign committees for the incumbent. In District 30, for example, the Committee for the Re-Election of our International Officers operates out of the district headquarters in Pikesville, Kentucky. The chairman of the committee has a salary of $11,130 as a district representative, the secretary of the committee is secretary to the district president. The district has a fund, supplied by the international, of $55,000 for "expenses," partly used it's said to bankroll the campaign committee. The committee bought a newspaper advertisement in nearby District 29, which ominously warned Yablonski, who was addressing a rally there, to "stay out of District 30." It has mailed the "Election Bulletin" to all District 30 union members.

In brief, Boyle is financing his campaign with money from the rank-and-file miner. Two of every five dollars paid in monthly dues go to the international. The international has utilized money from the $169-million pension fund by placing $70 million of its assets in a no-interest checking account, at the National Bank of Washington. The UMW owns 75 percent of the bank.

Against such well-financed organization, Yablonski can summon only a small staff of volunteer miners who work for him over vacations or in their spare time.

Union locals are now voting on nominations for international officers. Five years ago, nominations from only five locals were needed to win a place on the ballot. Steve "Cadillac" Kochis, a relatively unknown candidate, received the requisite number of local nominations for President and proceeded to win 20 percent of the miners' votes. That was too much. So in 1968, the number of locals necessary to put a man on the ballot was raised to 50 by an International Convention stacked with Boyle delegates. That convention was held in Denver, Colo. The cost of sending delegates was prohibitively high for many smaller locals. The international paid their expenses and in some cases even supplied "delegates" – but it did it selectively.

Approximately 500 of the UMW's 1,100 locals are "bogus locals," which have less than the ten active miners required by the union constitution. These are dominated by pensioners. (70,000 of the union's 185,000 members are pensioners.) When John L. Lewis died this past June, Boyle took his place as a director of the UMW pension fund. He promptly raised the pensions of bituminous miners from $1,380 to $1,800 per year. Pleasing pensioners is good union politics. The nomination made by a "bogus local" with four or five active miners and a majority of pensioners is equal to the nomination of officers made by a local with 600 members. The international disbanded all such "bogus locals" in District 5, where Yablonski was once elected district president. "Bogus locals" in all other districts were not touched.

On weekends during the nominating season (July 9 to August 9) when most locals hold their meetings, the district officers and international and district representatives are busy men. Nominating elections are arranged and then announced only to a few members who support Boyle. Where Yablonski men appear to be present in sufficient numbers to win the local, ballots are counted in a back room, and Boyle is announced the winner.

Supporters of Yablonski are alternately offered jobs on the union payroll and threatened with the loss of their company job. The coal companies feel very comfortable with Boyle and are willing to cooperate in blacklisting dissident miners. They are especially alarmed by some of Yablonski's ideas for encouraging better observance of safety. He has suggested, for example, that the companies be required to pay $100,000 above regular state compensation to the widows of miners killed in accidents.

On July 9, Yablonski asked the Labor Department to investigate and monitor the nominating procedures, but to date there has been no response. Unofficially, (the UMW will announce the official results after August 9), Yablonski has already won thirty of the fifty locals necessary for a nomination. With two more weekends to go there is a good chance he will be on the December 9 ballot for the general election in which miners vote as individuals.

If the tactics used during the nominating procedures are any indication of what Yablonski may expect in the general election, the chances are good that another election will be held after December 9. Under the Landrum-Griffin Act, the Secretary of Labor may supervise a new election where illegal tactics are in evidence.

Edward Cox

COMING: "Wall Street and William Jennings Bryan" — an inquiry into conglomerate mergers by William F. Baxter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Western Europe and the U.S.

How the Police Work

by George Berkley

When it comes to police work, the democracies of Western Europe still strike any American observer as foreign countries. The gap between Old World and the New is illustrated by their different approaches to the use of deadly force. In the United States, a policeman carries as standard equipment, a .38 special revolver and an 18-inch wooden truncheon. Some augment this with "sap" gloves (gloves loaded with lead), extra-heavy magnum revolvers, and, for riot-duty, yard-long wooden clubs. In Great Britain and Norway, policemen are not issued guns and carry them only on very rare occasions. Elsewhere in Scandinavia, policemen are issued guns but often leave them in their lockers when on daytime assignments. In virtually no European democracy do they carry guns when off-duty.

The standard firearm used in European police forces is the equivalent of our .32 automatic. It is not only much lighter than the .38 specials worn by our police, but is even less powerful than the .32 regulars carried by policewomen in New York City. Police truncheons in Europe are usually made of hard rubber: they break no bones and leave no scars. Sap gloves, magnum revolvers, elongated wooden billy clubs are very rare.

The European policeman is not only more lightly armed than his American counterpart but is more restricted in his right to use what he has. In most European countries, a policemen can not fire a gun for any purpose other than to protect life, his own or some one else's. Even if attacked, he is often not to shoot unless the attack endangers his life. French police regulations, for example, state that "resistance to an attack which does not expose anyone to a serious danger, but only to an act of violence or assault, does not in itself justify the use of a gun."

A German policeman *does* have the right, under certain circumstances, to fire at a fleeing felon. He must, however, aim at the arms or legs. Every two months, he is tested to determine whether he can shoot this well. He fires at an escaping criminal on a movie screen, and if he hits him in the back or head he flunks the test. The American policeman not only has the right but, in some cases, even the obligation to shoot fleeing felons. In some jurisdictions, he is forbidden to fire warning shots first. The cardboard silhouette figures used on police firing ranges in this country place the bullseye on the main body area.

As a result of these differences in their "armaments" policy, European and American police forces show contrasting ratios in civilian deaths to police deaths. According to the President's Crime Commission, the number of civilians killed by the police in this country is more than three times the number of policemen who lose their lives while on the job. In most European countries, many more policemen die in the line of duty than do civilians as a result of police activity. In Sweden, four policemen have been killed by civilians during the past four years. The Swedish police meanwhile, have been responsible for only two civilian deaths during the past 13 years.

In all the upheavals that have rocked European countries lately, only one civilian has died as a consequence of police action – in Berlin in 1967, and the policeman responsible was promptly arrested, brought to trial. When 10,000 protesters rioted outside the US Embassy in London in March 1967, the police sustained 117 casualties compared to 44 for the demonstrators. Actually, the police were the more lightly armed, since they had only their truncheons while the demonstrators had poles and fireworks. In a student riot in Berlin on November 4, the ratio of injured policemen to rioters was on the order of four to one.

While European policemen tend to be less aggressive than their American colleagues in the use of force, they are often more enterprising in other ways. The German police have perhaps shown the most initiative here. They put on puppet shows for young children, conduct traffic kindergartens for slightly older children, give bicycle courses for still older ones. Most of these programs are carried on at police stations. To serve adults, the German police operate crime prevention clinics, aid distressed motorists and give bus tours to elderly citizens, pointing out traffic hazards. Some have even given annual parties to traffic offenders they have fined "to show them that the police aren't mad at them!" Swedish police also run traffic kindergartens, instruct older children in legal responsibility and even hold family auto rallys. Swedish patrol cars are equipped with extra spark plugs, gasoline, etc., to help

---

MR. BERKLEY *teaches at Northeastern University. His book,* The Democratic Policeman, *will be published this fall by Beacon Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motorists in trouble. Swedish policemen also sponsor and lead over 20 hobby clubs for young people. In Denmark, in addition to carrying out similar activities, the police operate a "re-socialization center" for homeless men. Even the French police have begun taking steps in this direction. In addition to running traffic kindergartens, the *Sureté* now operates some 40 summer vacation camps for young people, all staffed completely by policemen.

Such programs are not unknown in America: the first positive youth program in the history of police work was New York City's Police Athletic League. However, we look upon such efforts as public relations gestures, peripheral to the police function. Policemen assigned to such tasks are usually those men who are considered, and who consider themselves, to be outsiders within the department. In many cases, policemen themselves don't run the programs. New York's Police Athletic League itself is now largely a non-police organization with its own civilian staff.

German and Scandinavian police departments call their juvenile delinquency squads youth protection squads, and they refer to juvenile delinquents as "endangered youth." Policemen assigned to this function work closely with social workers, often going on joint patrol. The hobby clubs run by policemen in Scandinavia are generally designed for young people who show a penchant for getting into trouble. In Germany, the police sometimes take juvenile delinquents out for trips in police boats or for rides on police horses.

Most European policemen have discarded the practice of swooping down on a suspect in a predawn raid. When the Swedish police went to arrest the Russian espionage agent, Sven Wennerstrom, in 1963, they waited until he was crossing a bridge on his way to work. Two police cars then drove up and blocked the bridge at both ends. The officer in charge got out, introduced himself and shook hands with the Soviet spy before placing him under arrest. German police customarily wait for the breakfast hour before knocking on the suspect's door with an arrest warrant. When Dortmund police went to arrest five suspected communist agents last summer, they arrived at such a respectable hour that all but one of the suspects had left for work.

Even the police killer is often accorded a modicum of humane treatment. In September 1966, police in Gothemberg, Sweden, received a tip that Clark Olafsson, a thug who a few weeks previously had shot and killed a policeman, was seated on a ledge outside the city. Olafsson was known to be armed. Instead of going after him with guns blazing, the police sent out two unarmed members of the force to bring him in. The two athletic constables disguised themselves as track runners and ran several laps around the unsuspecting murderer before seizing him. In the ensuing tussle, Olafsson managed to produce his gun and fire it twice, slightly wounding one of his captors. But Olafsson himself did not have a scratch on him when he was brought into police headquarters.

In keeping with this behavior pattern, Europeans have shown much less resistance to the growing emphasis on civil liberties, a trend which has swept many of their judicial systems as it has our own. Germany revised its penal code three years ago, requiring the police to inform all suspects of their right to remain silent or to have a lawyer. There was no loud outcry, as the equivalent US Supreme Court decision evoked from the American police.

France revised its penal code in 1962, setting much stricter limitations on the power of the police to detain and interrogate suspects. It produced remarkably little grumbling. Sweden has long had rules governing the rights of suspects, and the Swedish police officials I met seemed proud, rather than resentful, of them. The British, meanwhile, have operated uncomplainingly for over half a century under the famed Judges Rules, which stipulate that a policeman must caution a person charged with a crime of his right to remain silent and that he must not question anyone taken into custody.

Although corruption has always been a nagging problem for many, if not most, American police departments, it is insignificant in Europe. Even in France, where hostility to the police is endemic, imputations that the police take bribes almost never arise. Not only do German policemen give traffic tickets to each other, but a Hamburg patrolman once made his wife pay a fine for beating their carpets outdoors. A Cologne policeman who found himself late for a court appearance in 1966 parked illegally and gave himself a parking ticket. (This didn't keep him from receiving a reprimand from his superiors.)

This picture of European policemen is subject to qualifications. Abuses have occured and doubtless will again. Nevertheless, European policemen do tend to view their role differently. Why?

For one thing, European police departments place much more emphasis on education. Police recruits receive three to four years of training in Germany, two years and nine months in Italy, one full year in Sweden, six months in France and thirteen weeks in Great Britain. While the British lag behind most other European countries in this respect, their recruit education period still compares favorably with that of the United States. California, which has the highest police education standards in America, requires only 370 hours of education for municipal policemen. New York State requires only eight weeks.

The curricula of most continental police schools devote considerable time to nontechnical subjects, including legal instruction plus a good deal of political science, applied psychology, and similar studies. Some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20 to 25 percent of the German recruit's first-year training and 15 percent of his second year is devoted to the social sciences. He is taught to avoid all prejudices and generalizations about classes or types of people, to be mindful of the frustrations of motorists and act accordingly, and to keep his sense of humor.

Government, psychology and "social medicine" (which includes alcoholism and the problems of handicapped people), make up ten percent of the Swedish police recruit's classroom instruction. The text used for the course in government stresses minority rights and warns of the dangers of a police state. In 1964, French police schools inaugurated a 30-hour course in which the recruit is told he should make more use of his pen, his knowledge and his "human qualities," than of his physical force and weapons. It is pointed out that his duties are "first those of a citizen, secondly those of a civil servant and thirdly those of a policeman."

When it comes to grooming men for positions as officers or detectives, this discrepancy between police education in Europe and here markedly increases. In the US, the passing of a simple written examination, usually consisting of multiple-choice or true-false questions, is nearly always sufficient for advancement to command positions. Promotion to the detective force may come simply on the recommendation of a superior officer or a political connection. In Europe, such steps up the career ladder almost invariably require additional schooling, usually lasting from six months to a year. In Sweden, officers-in-training are taken on tours of psychiatric hospitals, alcoholism centers, prisons and other institutions.

Sweden earmarks some 300 hundred of its top positions for lawyers who are recruited directly into the upper ranks. France recruits half of its lieutenant candidates from among civilians with a baccalaureate degree and half of its inspector candidates from law school graduates. German police forces are allowed to recruit 10 percent of their detective forces from the legal profession; applicants to the regular police who possess the *arbitur* – roughly equivalent to two years of higher education in this country – are allowed to apply for officer training three years earlier than can their less educated colleagues. England last year launched a new program under which a university graduate can advance from patrolman to officer at a fast pace.

European police forces also make more extensive use of women. They hold nearly five percent of all constabulary positions on the London police force. Some German states have set aside 10 percent of their detective positions for women. Scandinavian countries sometimes use policewomen for regular patrol work.

The recruitment of women and better educated men gives the police force a broader base and makes it more representative of the population. So does the use of civilians, who make up over 20 percent of the total departmental personnel roster in England and Sweden. Civilians do not just oversee but actually run most European police departments. Most of the top executive posts in Sweden, including the positions of police chief in the larger cities, are held by lawyers. A former judge directs the entire police operation, while a former teacher of French heads the main police academy in Stockholm. In Germany, not only are all police commissioners civilians, but so are most of their division heads, including the heads of the criminal police or detective forces. German police commissioners, as well as many of their division heads, usually hold doctorates in law. Half of the executive-level posts in the newly unified French police are held by civilians; the overall director of the national police is a former chief of staff at the Ministry of Education.

England has a more decentralized system than do the continental countries, and most police chiefs come up from the ranks. However, the commissioner of the largest and most important police force, the Metropolitan Police of Greater London, is more often a civilian than not. At least half of his division heads are nonpolicemen, including the assistant commissioner in charge of the famed Criminal Investigation Division. The Home Secretary in the British Government, meanwhile, issues rules and regulations covering the whole police force and can veto the appointment of, as well as require the removal of, any local police chief.

It was once customary in the United States at least in the larger cities, to appoint a civilian as the police commissioner. Today, these positions are usually given to professional policemen. When Mayor Lindsay tried to exert authority over the New York City police in 1966, his efforts were met with fierce resistance and were branded as "interference" by "outsiders."

The fact that civil servants tend to run European police departments tends to make these departments much more bureaucratic than ours. But interestingly enough, this may also produce democratic patterns of police behavior. Stripped of its negative connotations, bureaucracy implies, in essence, a system built on formal and standardized rules and procedures. The bureaucratic policeman is thus more likely to be impartial, less likely to be arbitrary in discharging his duties. The Berlin policeman I saw bending over an ill-clad drunk lying in the street and asking him in formal, polite German, "Where do you live, please?" illustrates my point. The same rules and manner apply to everyone.

With a civilian-controlled and bureaucratically oriented administrative structure, many European police systems are permitting their employees to share in decision-making. Nearly one out of every ten Swedish policemen sits on a joint-management board charged with working in some problem area. German policemen elect representatives to employee councils, which handle internal complaints and frequently have some say in the management of the force. Rank-and-file

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French policemen choose from their ranks nearly half the members of all police disciplinary and promotion boards. British police have representatives on the Police Council of Great Britain, which advises and negotiates with the Home Secretary. The result is greater understanding and acceptance of such key values as accommodation, patience, and consultation. More important, such participation affords the policeman an outlet for his grievances. If nothing else, administrative devices such as these serve as a safety valve for a group which is always under pressure.

Trade unionism also tends to further these ends and most policemen in Western Europe are members of a union. The police unions provide additional opportunities for ventilating grievances and for taking part in such democratic processes as electing officers and approving decisions. The union provides a two-way communications link between the police and society. The union's spokesman and publications offer the public better access to the policeman's point of view. At the same time, these spokesmen and publications are channels for receiving and transmitting to its members ideas from the nonpolice world. To the extent that the union brings the police closer to the trade union movement generally, it may also help offset right-wing tendencies, which seem so natural to the protectors of law, order and property.

Another practice permitted in some continental countries may do even more to keep the police in the political mainstream. They are permitted in Scandinavia and Germany to take part directly in political activity and are even allowed to run for office. Denmark customarily has four or five policemen sitting in its parliament, German state legislatures are sprinkled with policeman-lawmakers, and a small town in southern Sweden has actually elected all four of its policemen to its town council. Since policemen are essentially lower- and middle-echelon civil servants, they tend to run for office as members of working-class parties.

If policemen in some European countries take an active part in legislative work, legislative bodies also take an active interest in police work. (In contrast, our city councils, state legislatures and, when it comes to the FBI, even Congress are loath to interfere.) Here are some examples of zealous legislative oversight:

► A Scottish patrolman knocked down and gave a nosebleed to a persistently pesky teen-age boy who refused to let him alone. The incident produced such an outcry in Parliament that Prime Minister McMillan (this was in '59) had to set up a high-level tribunal to assess charges of police brutality.

► In the summer of 1966, the Swedish parliament was outraged when policemen were seen taking pictures of some anti-American demonstrators. Police Director Persson hastened to assure the irate lawmakers that the picture-taking was done by the criminal police and not the security police, and was done only to have evidence in the event any laws were broken. (In a previous demonstration, the participants had burned an American flag, and it is against Swedish law to mutilate the flag of a country recognized by the government.)

► A German customs officer shot and killed a fleeing smuggler in 1964. The state legislature of North Rhineland-Westfallen staged a two-day debate on the question of firearms use by policemen.

► A Paris policeman shot and killed a motorist who was resisting arrest. The emasculated French parliament resounded with cries for more stringent controls over the police. (The Paris police union expressed regrets over the incident and asked that policemen be given increased education to prevent such an occurrence from happening again.)

In addition to legislative bodies, there are other agencies exercising control over the police. Sweden's ombudsman keeps a close eye on the cops and does not wait for a complaint before taking action. In Germany, all detectives are officially classified as assistants to the public prosecutors of their respective states. Thus, they are directly supervised by the judicial branch. The French have a *juge d'instruction* or examining magistrate who overees the entire conduct of a criminal investigation. In England, judges make up one-third of the watch committees (the other two-thirds are elected by the people) which have local supervision of the police.

The most important control mechanism, however, is the police themselves. Here, too, European countries seem far ahead of the United States. Drunkenness on the job in most European countries will bring a suspension of many months. Drunken driving, to say nothing of corruption or brutality, will bring prosecution in court and usually a jail sentence. A policeman's conduct off the job is supposed to be exemplary. An off-duty constable in England who threw a clod of earth at a cat that was tearing up his newly planted seedlings received an official reprimand.

Although in Sweden, most complaints from the public go to the ombudsman, the Stockholm police have a civilian lawyer who checks out all complaints that come to the police themselves. German police departments set up special booths at public events, asking visitors to make such complaints. The number of complaints against policemen in such cities as London and Berlin far exceeds the number filed against policemen in New York City. And a much higher ratio of complaints in these cities is sustained, nearly 20 percent in West Berlin.

The police do not create a political culture; they reflect it. They behave in a way the society they serve expects them to behave. Thus, if European systems operate in a manner more consistent with democratic norms and values than do ours, it should tell us something about American democracy, and what it tells us should give us cause for some concern if not alarm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dumb" Children

by James Ridgeway

There are between half and three-quarters of a million deaf people in the country – deaf in the sense they can't understand ordinary speech, with or without a hearing aid – and the number is increasing. A recent German measles outbreak (rubella) produced about 20,000 deaf babies, now reaching school age. Special classes for the deaf in the Washington, D.C. area alone have doubled and tripled. Many of the rubella youngsters are also blind or mentally retarded. Deaf children are being taught to read lips and imitate speech, but this is immensely difficult for children who never have heard sounds. Nevertheless, many teachers of the deaf disparage sign language, though this is the natural way to communicate among the deaf. Consequently the youngsters by the time they're 12 may have learned only to make a sort of "ba" sound.

The situation is especially depressing now because neither the Nixon Administration nor the Democratic Congress shows much interest in spending more money to provide special education programs for deaf or for handicapped children in general. According to a recent report by the National Advisory Committee on Handicapped Children, less than 40 percent of these youngsters are touched by government programs. In 1967 the Congress authorized $206 million to help states set up programs, but actual appropriations have not run above $29.2 million. That is what was spent last year and the amount is expected to be the same in 1969. That means less services each year, since costs are rising. The money declines as the handicapped increase.

Even if parents of a deaf child are able to find a spot for him in some public school program or can afford to send him to private schools, they become enmeshed in a baffling, frustrating struggle waged among the educators of the deaf over whether the child is to be taught according to the "oral" method, learning to read lips and imitate speech, or by the "manual" method, schooled in the use of sign language and fingerspelling. The children are the victims of the dispute.

Lip reading is tedious and difficult. The teacher attempts to get the deaf child to imitate the movement of her lips. She will sometimes place the child's hand on her cheek, under her chin, or by her mouth to feel the vibrations of the voice or breath caused by certain sounds. The teacher points to a ball and says "ball." The child watches the teacher's mouth and struggles to gurgle a sound resembling "ball." This can go on for years, progressing from sounds like "ba" to "ball" to "Get the ball." I met a nine-year-old deaf boy who has a vocabulary of three words. Small children sometimes become adept at lip reading their mothers and members of the immediate family, but the deaf I encountered said one would be lucky to get two or three words out of 50 from a stranger's lips.

Lip reading has an especially strong appeal to parents of deaf children and to the philanthropists who concern themselves with the subject, simply because it holds out the promise of grafting onto a deaf person the appearance of hearing.

While most schools for the deaf teach children lip reading, sign language is the common, natural language of the deaf. The signs have concrete meanings. Words can be spelled on the fingers to connect the signs into English sentences. With children the language is part mime. It is beautiful to watch, highly expressive and receptive. Some critics say the language is too concrete; it is difficult to be humorous in signs, to express irony, for instance. The most common method among the educated deaf now is to combine the use of signs with lip reading in the "simultaneous" method as taught at Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C., the only institution of higher learning for the deaf in the world. The simultaneous method offers a sort of mixed media array. A deaf person gets what he can from lips, with the signs flashing at the side of the face, amplifying the conversation.

Unfortunately, since teachers of the deaf are set against signs, children are not generally brought up in the simuultaneous method. Instead, they plow through lip reading, spending their early, curious, and formative years struggling to copy the teacher, who bats down their hands if they try to use signs. (One girl told me how her hands were tied in childhood to prevent her from signing.) The children struggle with lip reading until their early teens, at which time, the educators give up and allow the youngsters to revert to signs. Thus, the children grow up with no education to speak of, and worse, no language with which to communicate.

It is painful to observe a youngster fighting to stay clear of this morass. Jonathan, nine, is an example. He was found to be deaf at two. For the next two years he was shunted from one doctor to another; each time he went to a doctor, the doctor sent him to a speech therapist who started in on lip reading. In the summer of 1964 he began attending sessions at the Washington

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hearing Society, which is run by oralists. He spent three hours a day there, mostly sitting and working puzzles. The teachers tried to get him to lip read, but it didn't work. There was more testing at Johns Hopkins, which is reputed to have an excellent center for deaf children. The doctor there said Jonathan had a severe hearing loss and might benefit from wearing a hearing aid. The boy was wearing a hearing aid during the interview. Johns Hopkins recommended two schools. One had been closed for some time; the other would not take deaf children. More testing and more futile lip reading exercises followed. Jonathan's mother remembers he got a couple of sounds after three or four years of lip reading: "a" and "ba." The child was growing up, completely unable to communicate. He became what is politely called a "behavior problem." He raced around the house, ripping things to pieces. Until he was eight years old he slept for only three hours a night. He had an attention span of 10 seconds. The rest of the time he was on the run, literally. His parents were exhausted. They fought to hold themselves together and to keep from giving up and having their child institutionalized. The doctors then said that the boy might have some sort of brain damage. Eventually the parents succeeded in enrolling him in a school for behavior problems. He was soon expelled. The school handled behavior problems, but not deaf behavior problems. The doctors said to try tranquillizers, but they pepped him up. The parents kept at it, however, and eventually hit on a combination of tranquillizers which calmed Jonathan down. On drugs he slept eight hours a night. By that time the doctors had given up and were letting the parents write their own prescriptions. But when the doctors found out what Jonathan was getting, they suggested the drugs be stopped. The dose was toxic, Jonathan's parents couldn't communicate with him. His mother remembers once having lost a key and searching all over the house to find it. The boy tried to help; he found one key after another. But his mother could not tell him which one it was she wanted. Finally in mutual frustration, she and the boy lay down on the floor and cried. Last fall a speech therapist, who had begun teaching the deaf through the oral method and then, sickening of it, changed to signs, began working with Jonathan. She first got the boy to pay attention by offering him raisins for good behavior, and calming him a little this way, she began to teach him signs. The parents learned sign language as well. The boy still runs, but he sleeps nine hours a night; his attention span is much longer, and his parents can talk to him with their hands. Despite the best efforts of the doctors and educators of the deaf, the boy now has a bit of language.

The world of the deaf is still very much controlled by the doctrinaire philanthropies, teachers and doctors who swirl about the Alexander Graham Bell Association for the Deaf. The association was begun by the inventor, who taught his deaf wife how to read lips, and it is devoted to the idea of propagandizing lip reading and imitative speech. The association has 7,000 members and an impressive board of directors including J. Edgar Hoover and the head of the AT&T. (Bell himself left some money to run the association, and the Bell system takes an interest in the deaf by giving them old teletype machines to hook up to the phone.) Of the 7,000 members only 250 are deaf. The Association answers queries from frustrated parents of deaf children who are asking for help, and it publishes the *Volta Review*, one of the few magazines for the deaf.

The *Volta Review* is a siren song to the parents of the deaf, telling them just what they want to hear: deaf children can live happily in the hearing world if they only learn to read lips and speak. And in many instances, high-powered hearing aids can help them. The pages of the *Review* are chock full of splendid looking hearing aids. "As they hear . . . so shall they speak," says a come-on for Jay I. Warren, Inc., hearing aids. A little boy, looking like an astronaut with his head phones and battery pack strapped to his chest, stands before a machine with a delighted look on his face. "Now the thrill of hearing can become a reality for many aurally handicapped children," the ad says.

Two years ago Herbert Kohl, the author, made a study called "Language and Education of the Deaf," for the Center for Urban Education. Kohl observed how sign language really was the common language among the deaf, and how difficult it was to master lip reading. He urged the use of sign language as a first language, and lip reading as a second language. His study sent the Bell Association up the wall. The *Volta Review* attacked him for possessing inferior credentials. The National Association of the Deaf, which backs the simultaneous method, and is at loggerheads with the Bell Association asked to buy an ad in the *Volta Review* telling where one might get a reprint of the Kohl study. George Fellendorf, executive director of the Association and editor of the *Review*, refused to print the advertisement.

The Bell Association lobbies endlessly against the use of signs. In a telegram to the president of NBC in November of 1966 Fellendorf said, "We would like to discuss with your representative at the earliest possible date your announced plans for a documentary on the deaf scheduled for 'NBC Experiment in Television.' Continuing to display sign language on nationwide TV destroys the efforts of thousands of parents of deaf children and teachers of the deaf who are trying to teach deaf children to speak. This program will evoke unfavorable reaction from educators and parents and the informed public. We assume you are interested in this audience." A program sponsored by the O'Neill Memorial Theater Foundation eventually was run on NBC. It featured the National Theater of the Deaf, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talented group which mimes and uses signs. Speakers at the side of the stage read the words for the hearing audience. Fellendorf at once sent off a memo to the directors of the Bell association. He said: "If I have correctly interpreted the implications of the NBC and Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Foundation program, then I think it is imperative that letters be directed to Mr. Hays, with carbon copies to Mr. Julian Goodman, president of the National Broadcasting Company so that we can effectively counteract this effort to make the sign language of the deaf to be an artistic form to be encouraged in the theater, televised in the homes of parents and employers, and quite likely emulated in educational and parental circles."

Most of the teachers of the deaf are still trained to use the oral method, and they parrot the line of the Alexander Graham Bell Association. The day schools for deaf children, both public and private, tend to be run by oral enthusiasts. Most states also maintain residential schools, where the teachers give oral training. In practice, however, the youngsters use broken or abbreviated signs, and as they grow older the teachers give up and use signs. (This isn't always so easy, however, for teachers of the deaf often can't understand sign language.)

An increasing trend is to incorporate classes for the deaf into regular public schools. The deaf children take some classes with specially trained teachers, and for other courses, they mix with hearing students. While this gives the parents the pleasing appearance of intermingling the children with the hearing world, it can become an elaborate educational facade behind which the youngsters are left to themselves. For instance, one teenager who attends classes at a regular school in the Washington surburbs described how she takes home economics with the other students. She is supposed to be able to read the lips of the teacher. The deaf girl was told to sit in the back of the room, which meant she had to squint hard to see the teacher's lips moving. The teacher didn't move her lips much which made it doubly difficult. Finally the teacher put another deaf girl next to her, and they were told to help one another. Since neither could hear what was going on, it was a waste of time. In another instance the girl's hearing "buddy" was trying to tell her what was going on in class when the teacher told him to shut up because he was bothering the other students. In a hearing class, the deaf girl has to keep craning her neck to see the lips of the teacher and different students so as to keep up with what is going on. Her father wants to hire an interpreter who can sign to her, but so far the county won't allow that.

While the oralists still dominate the educational scene, there is a growing sense among the deaf themselves that they should remove the control of their education from the paternalistic oralists, and shape their own destinies. Gallaudet College is at the center of this community, which is just beginning really to sense the possibilities of its own world. The people who work at Gallaudet, teachers and staff, are conversant in sign language; signs are treated in practice as the natural language of the deaf. Professors lecture by speaking and signing. Dr. R. Orin Cornett, the vice president of the college, has developed a new system called Cued speech, which he hopes will break down some of the barriers between oralists and signers. In Cued speech the idea is to use a small number of signs, or cues, to help identify vowels. Vowels are especially hard to get in reading lips. Moreover, Gallaudet is beginning to use computer-assisted instruction; from all accounts the one area where computer-assisted instruction really works very well is with the deaf.

At experimental preschool classes on the Gallaudet campus, efforts are made to give children all sorts of language, as distinct from speech. While the children are encouraged to lip read, and use hearing aids where applicable, the teachers involve them in other educational methods, signing as they talk, spelling with their fingers, using gesture and mime. Hearing parents of deaf children who are exasperated with the emphasis on lip reading in the public schools around Washington have taught themselves and their other hearing children signs. In such instances, signs become a second language in the family of a deaf youngsters; his parents, brothers and sisters, easily jump from one language to another. There is nothing quite so impressive, however, as the way in which deaf parents bring up their own deaf children. The youngsters are at ease, versatile in signs and lip reading from an early age.

Both the National Association of the Deaf and the Council of Organizations Serving the Deaf are run by men who are outspoken in favor of signs and the simultaneous method, and they are pushing hard for educational reform. Mervin D. Garretson, project director of the Council, was brought up in the oral tradition, and despairs of tying down deaf children to a lip-reading regime. Frederick C. Schreiber, who heads the National Association of the Deaf, taught himself signs from a Boy Scout manual. He has little use for the lip readers: "It's pie in the sky" he says. "Most of us can't read lips worth two cents."

But these are small groups of people. And for the most part the education of the deaf is likely to go on much as before. The children try to say "ball," until by the age of 12, their teachers grow bored with them. The youngsters revert to broken signs, and gradually sink into their underworld. Not long ago I spoke with the lady director of an oral school. She was telling about her program, disparaging signs as "glorified gestures." Finally she pointed to a little black girl, hearing aids sprouting from both ears, who was sitting on the floor and staring at us: "Look at her; she's such a well-trained little animal."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Easy Rider
Columbia

In 1940 Henry Fonda made *The Grapes of Wrath*, in which, as a dispossessed young man, he travels westward through the Southwest. In 1969 Peter Fonda made *Easy Rider*, in which, as a dispossessed young man, he travels eastward through the Southwest. Fonda *père*, shut out by a greedy and stupid society, finally decides to fight to change that society. Fonda *fils* decides at the beginning, *before* the beginning: he has opted out of society.

Easy Rider is an attempt by some young men at a poetic statement about a world they feel is inimical to poetry. The declarations of their independence are nomadism, drugs, sex. Fonda and a pal (Dennis Hopper) buy some heroin in Mexico, take it across the border on their motorcycles, sell it in California, then start on their cycles for New Orleans and the Mardi Gras, loaded with money and nothing else. En route they encounter a rancher, a hippie commune, some small-town prejudice against long hair, and an alcoholic thirtyish lawyer who travels part of the way with them. In New Orleans they get two girls in an expensive brothel and spend Mardi Gras with them, including an acid trip in a cemetery. Then the youths meet their fate on the road east to Florida.

All this is very well photographed in color – with a particular eye for the arch of the sky – by the same Laszlo Kovacs who last year did Bogdanovich's *Targets*. But the most impressive talent in this film – a potentially important one – is Dennis Hopper. First, he plays Billy to Fonda's Captain America. That's the nickname he uses; Fonda has a flag on the back of his jacket. Clad in old buckskins, Hopper lives in a genial, slightly bewildered "high," present but safe. Second, he is co-author of the script with Fonda and Terry Southern. Third, he directed. (It's an incidental pleasure of the picture to imagine Hopper switching back and forth between his floating-hippie performance and the rigors of direction.) *Easy Rider* is his first directing job, and it's generally well done, well *seen*. Hopper, who has exhibited paintings and sculpture and photographs, has been busy for some years as a screen actor; for instance, he's the outlaw who gets stabbed by his friend in *True Grit*. To have acted, creditably, a principal role in the first film that he directed more than creditably, is an extraordinary achievement. Cheers and hopes for Mr. Hopper.

The best performance – funny, utterly winning, and quite moving – is by Jack Nicholson as a cynical, hard-drinking young lawyer, drowning in a tiny town, who grabs the back of Fonda's motorcycle going past as if it were a raft that could save his life. There is a crazy sweetness in Nicholson that is pathetic without ever asking for pathos.

Fonda is quiet and tries to work by doing very little, but this kind of stoic film acting – à la Steve McQueen – requires a somewhat stronger personality, more menace or protective assurance or sex, than Fonda shows at present. He is presented as a Dharma Bum, a hippie-saint; but the radiations are just not strong enough.

The story is built on some significant assumptions. The first thing we see is the two young men buying and selling heroin, and we are expected to sympathize with them at once. The pot-smoking that they do is a matter of course. (The first of the many songs in the score begins, "I smoke a lot of grass.") The life-style of the two friends, like that of the people in the commune they visit, is taken as understood by us; there are virtually no flashbacks to show us how they got there. Such analysis as there is in the script gives it its tackiest moments. After the cyclists and the lawyer have fled a small-town luncheonette where rednecks threatened them, the lawyer says, "You know, this used to be a helluva good country. I can't understand what's going on in it." Well, I can't understand *him*. Does he mean that small towns – east, west, north, or south – used to be free of xenophobia and other prejudices? What USA was that? And when he goes on to explain why money-slaves always hate those who are free, the lines take us way back to the style of Norman Corwin.

The hippie life is the most credible I have seen in a fiction film. And visually, imaginatively, the picture captures a sense of journey, of the hunger for frontier in American space, the feeling that there ought to be a possible large-spirited life in a large land, that the very ability to *move* through this country is a refutation of the crabbed lives on every side. But, like so many films whose aim is to tell some truth, it gets a bit cross-eyed as it gets closer to its goal. There is some arrant triteness and falseness. The aide-de-camp of the drug-buyer, with his dark glasses and death's-head cane, is a comic-book figure. When the cyclists fix a flat in a rancher's barn, we look past them to the rancher shoeing a horse. (Get it?) The meal with the rancher and his family under the trees is third-rate Steinbeck. The scene where the two youths go swimming with two hippie girls is all cliché; swimming – particularly in the nude – is by now a very weary objective correlative for purity of heart. In the French Quarter brothel there is a glimpse of a whore on crutches, ready for business, that looks like Terry Southern's homage to Max Ophuls. The acid trip in the cemetery is a lot of tedious optical effects without effect. After the pair leave New Orleans, safe with their loot, Hopper gloats that they have "made it," but Fonda shakes his head sadly and says, "We blew it." I don't know what in the world he meant. Why, by any values that they show in the film, had they blown it? It seems a note of pseudo sagacity and rue.

There is some irrelevant chi-chi in the editing. Toward the end of a sequence, Hopper and his editor Donn Cambern give us a couple of splinters of the next sequence before the present one actually ends – brief flashes forward. These flashes are superfluous in narrative terms, and in psychological and esthetic terms, they are far from the level of intent for which Resnais used the device in *La Guerre Est Finie*. Especially egregious is a quick flash in the New Orleans section of the fate that lies ahead of the boys; when we see it, it's meaningless, and when we find out what it means, the augury is meaningless.

As for that ending, which I had better not reveal, it is a *coup de théatre* that tries to consummate the sanctification of the two youths, but after the shock is over, it is seen as only a *coup de théatre*. Which is why I won't describe it. But when a critic can't de-

(Continued on page 35)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reed Whittemore on verse

The Pleasures of Peace by Kenneth Koch

(Grove; $4.50)

Some poets, some very good poets, like to stand on edges.

Wordsworth was always on the edge of bathos, and frequently fell over. Whitman was always about to lose his tonsils, and I can't say for sure that he didn't. What was Shakespeare in danger of? – Nothing maybe, unless he was in danger of being the writers he stole his plays from.

Kenneth Koch is always on the edge of nonsense or frivolity, or of a bottomless pit of images, fancies, words.

Take his well known early poem "Fresh Air" – it is a marvelous "fit" (as in Lewis Carroll) on the sad state of divine poesy. In it the edge he teeters on is between mock and serious, or perhaps between rational statement and yawp. The poem is a dramatic display of supermanner, with Koch trying to see how extravagantly he can gesture without dislocating his elbow.

The new book, *The Pleasures of Peace*, is an even more extravagant version of the same game, with gesture or manner displacing statement or content as thoroughly as Koch can manage. "Fresh Air" was, though tenuously, reduceable to some freshman's miserable precis – "Mr. Koch disapproves of the sterility of academic poetry and criticism" – but many of the new poems are further out. Does anybody want to interpret "O Labrador, you are the sexual Pennsylvania of our times"?

Better not try. These are anti-interpretation days. The oracle, Susan Sontag, has advised us to cultivate an erotics rather than a hermeneutics of art, and surely Koch's latest poems, like Ashbery's and many lesser gamesmen's, suggest that he agrees. His poems may be compared musically with a long jam session (oh ancient phrase) on "Ain't She Sweet" or, more tonily, with Beethoven's "Diabelli Variations," where the original waltz is merely the departure point for the concert. Koch is a master of such music. He is marvelously various and inventive. He can play the names of the forty-eight states (he hasn't got to fifty yet) as if they were the complete works of Beethoven, and do the same with sounds, faces, islands, with the phrase "sleeping with women," with erotic proper names, in short anything he finds worthy of gaming with.

Sometimes he adds a harebrained plot, as in the poem "Scales," where he follows a singer's laborious ascent of Do-Re-Mi three times, and the descent once, and then has her reach too low, hemorrhage on Fa and die.

Funny. Clever. The curse of the game. When the poems fall over the edge they are last-days-of-the-empire stuff. The reader wants to put Koch to work in a salt mine.

There are good ponderous reasons why saying something gets harder and harder in poetry, among which is the big reason that everything has been said and is being said badly and constantly. We're awash in statement. "What oft was said but ne'er so well expressed . . ." is a joke of poetic policy when practically every "what" a poet can think of has been said so oft that it has achieved the vigor of "Ain't She Sweet" before he gets to it. At least that seems to be Koch's position on truths in poetry: they are dead ducks in this age of truth overkill, unless you treat them *as* dead, in which case the deader the better.

The title poem, my favorite, takes that deadest of ducks, peace, and improvises around it. Koch presents himself as writing a poem for peace in competition with one Giorgio *Finogle* who is also doing one. Giorgio throws himself out a window for peace, which slows up his poem. Koch keeps on, meanwhile making love for peace and parodying solemn statements of lovers.

He finishes his poem and then gives us samples – for the poem still goes on – of the reviews of it: "Great, man!" "Dead, man!" "I will expect you at six!" Meanwhile, back at the world, monkeys and boats and "all the really important mountains" are for peace, and we emerge sweaty, after 16 pages, with our freshman paraphrase: Nothing is more futile than being for peace.

Over the edge? I don't know, but I think so. I had hoped something other than the usual manner would be displayed in the poem, for the poem is in part a complaint against the manner, a complaint against the wild and futile gesticulations of pacifists. I was looking for Koch to come clean, speak straight from the shoulder about peace, about anything. He didn't, and rightly or wrongly I was disappointed. The poem is so good I would have liked it to have been serious too.

Where is the future of the mode? For the unsubtle imitators of Koch – and there seem to be a lot – the future is over the edge into dada, mockery of mockery, absolute non-statement. But for Koch the future is unclear because he obviously has the capacity, if not the inclination, to be thoroughly rationalist in his verse, and to play a number of other roles than those he chooses.

Since I like Koch but don't like the nonsense world that much of his poetry edges toward, my inclination is to pray for him to come back from the edge. I'm dubious of the results of the prayer, though. Koch might reply by writing a poem about it:

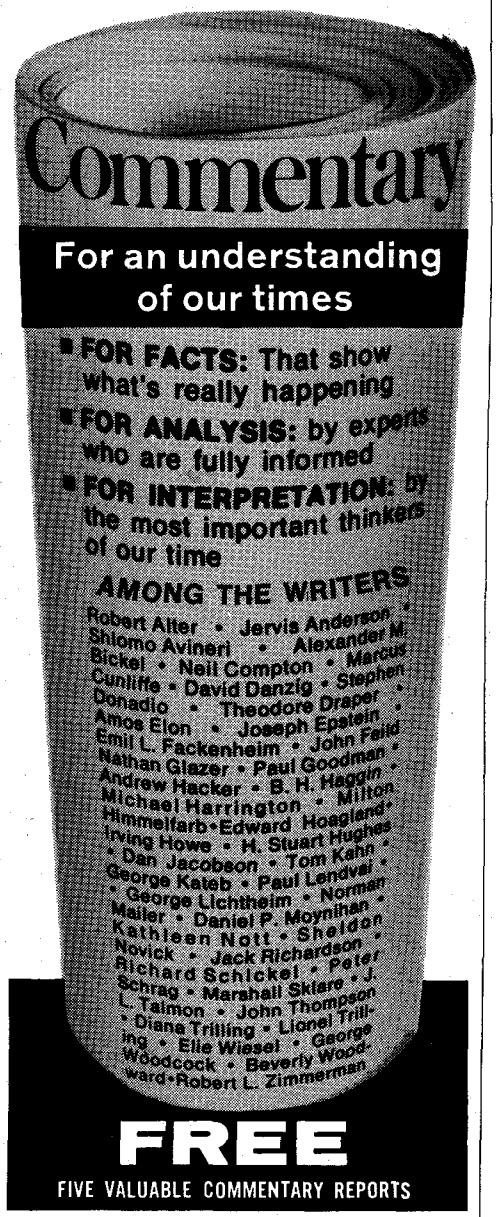
They are praying for me in
Andalusia – or is it
the bathroom?
They are praying and I hear them,
The worms,
They are perfecting me into a
service station.

A *Sense of Smiling*

Forgive me for having interrupted your reading.
You looked so appealing, naked there,
Enjoying the entering air of a cloudy day.
In too short a time to satisfy epicures of love
But enough to satisfy us Epicureans
You were reading again. And again I
Was interlining simplicities with complexities
And complexities with simplicities,
Smiling and smiling, though I keep no mirror in my room.

RALPH ROBIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Commentary
For an understanding of our times
FOR FACTS: That show what's really happening
FOR ANALYSIS: by experts who are fully informed
FOR INTERPRETATION: by the most important thinkers of our time
AMONG THE WRITERS
Robert Alter • Jervis Anderson • Shlomo Avineri • Alexander M. Bickel • Neil Compton • Marcus Cunliffe • David Danzig • Stephen Donadio • Theodore Draper • Amos Elon • Joseph Epstein • Emil L. Fackenheim • John Feild • Nathan Glazer • Paul Goodman • Andrew Hacker • B. H. Haggin • Michael Harrington • Milton Himmelfarb • Edward Hoagland • Irving Howe • H. Stuart Hughes • Dan Jacobson • Tom Kahn • George Kateb • Paul Lendvai • George Lichtheim • Norman Mailer • Daniel P. Moynihan • Kathleen Nott • Sheldon Novick • Jack Richardson • Richard Schickel • Peter Schrag • Marshall Sklare • J. L. Talmon • John Thompson • Diane Trilling • Lionel Trilling • Elie Wiesel • George Woodcock • Beverly Wood-ward • Robert L. Zimmerman
FREE
FIVE VALUABLE COMMENTARY REPORTS

☐ **Student Revolution** by Diana Trilling
☐ **Poverty Problems** by Daniel P. Moynihan
☐ **Black Power** by Bayard Rustin
☐ **The Electoral System** by Alexander Bickel
☐ **Negros & Jews** by Earl Raab

Take one-or two-or all five free with your new or renewed subscription to Commentary.

COMMENTARY MAGAZINE NR-15
For an understanding of our times —
165 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the Commentary Reports I've indicated above and enter my subscription for:

___ 7 months—$5.50 (single copy price $7)
___ 12 months—$9.00 (single copy price $12)
___ 36 months—$23.00 (single copy price $36)

☐ Please send bill
☐ Payment enclosed (receive 2 additional issues)

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

New ☐ Renew ☐
(when current subscription ends)

Please use separate sheet for gift subscriptions.
Outside U.S.A. — add $1.50 per subscription.

J. M. Edelstein: Magic and Mystery

The Private Labyrinth of Malcolm Lowry: Under the Volcano and the Cabbala by Perle S. Epstein

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $6.95)

The story goes that while Malcolm Lowry was living in his shack on stilts in the then isolated woods of Dollarton, British Columbia, writing and rewriting *Under the Volcano*, there appeared at the door one day a man who introduced himself as the local census taker. His name was Charles Stansfeld Jones; in addition to the job he held as census taker, he was a Cabbalist, a white magician, founder of a Chicago group of "illuminati" or theosophists, the self-described spiritual child of Aleister Crowley, the owner of an enormous collection of books on the occult, and the writer of Cabbalist books and articles under the pen name of Frater Achad. "Summoned," as it were, to help Malcolm Lowry define and identify the Faustian and magical elements in his book and in the life of the hero of which he himself was only partially aware, it was this man who, in the words of the initiated, hung the "Cabbalistic tree of life" in Lowry's house. During a long and happy friendship, Frater Achad instructed Malcolm Lowry in Cabbalistic lore and practice, in "astral body projection," the *I Ching*, Yoga, and other mysterious and exotic phenomena, and Lowry immersed himself in the literature of the occult, particularly in Frater Achad's own books, of which the best known are *The Anatomy of the Body of God* and *QBL, or The Reception of the Bride*. "After months of immersion," Mrs. Epstein says, "Lowry insisted on calling a halt to the experiments for fear of 'opening doors which should be closed.' He did, however, continue with the reading and research insofar as it pertained to his work."

It is not easy to explain the Cabbala. The term, after all, may refer to nearly anything of an occult, mystical, or theosophical nature, and it has come to cover nearly the entire spectrum of mystery and magic. There is a "Jewish Cabbala" and a "Christian Cabbala"; both are esoteric systems based on the assumption that every word, letter and number of the Scriptures, to begin with, has an occult meaning. The two principal sources of the Cabbalists are the *Sefer Yezirah* (Book of Creation), containing a series of monologues supposedly derived from Abraham, a system of numerical interpretation, and the doctrine of emendation, probably written in the sixth century; and the *Sefer Zohar* (Book of Splendor), a mystical commentary on the Pentateuch claimed by some to be the work of Moses de Leon, a thirteenth century Cabbalist, and by others to be the work of Simon ben Yohai, a scholar of the second century. Within the Cabbalistic systems are systems upon systems, and subsystems of those, all overladen in a historical complexity rivaled only by the Cabbala itself.

What Malcolm Lowry received from Frater Achad, in addition to friendship, was a simplified and popularized version of these incredibly complicated concepts. But it was what he needed and what he had been searching for. "Here at last," Mrs. Epstein explains, "in the maze of colors, numbers, and heavenly worlds, he has found the mythopoeic framework for his novel. A convenient combination of Neoplatonism, pantheism, Orphism, Indian mysticism, and general occultism, Achad's 'Cabbala' was a far cry from the original. Nevertheless, it provided Lowry with the paraphernalia he sought for his intended re-creation of the life and death of a Cabbalist. He had determined that the Consul's destruction should have the universal significance of the sacrificed god-man, or scapegoat. In addition, Lowry found

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that by combining the idea of the Jungian archetypal hero with the Faust legend, he could simultaneously indulge his taste for magic and mysticism. Moreover, he succeeded in creating a hybrid tragic form by crossing classical, medieval, and Protestant mystical concepts of human fate. . . ."

That *Under the Volcano*, Malcolm Lowry's masterpiece of fiction, is about the life and death of an alcoholic is now well known. Almost as well known are many facts about Lowry himself: his boyhood in Liverpool, the son of a wealthy cotton broker; his deep unhappiness at home and at school; his time as a cabin boy on a freighter in the China Seas; his disaffection with and separateness from the world in general; and his own tormented life (and death) as an alcoholic which was the basis for his one great and passionate novel as well as his other works. Now, to add significantly to the Lowry legend is Mrs. Epstein's *The Private Labyrinth of Malcolm Lowry* which makes it quite clear that Lowry was a student of the Cabbala and framed his novel in Cabbalistic form. Despite a style which is sometimes rather pedantic and humorless and a tendency towards obscurantism which may be endemic in the subject, it is a fascinating account.

Mrs. Epstein's conclusions, her Cabbalistic allusions and correspondence, cannot, of course, be equated with the sum of *Under the Volcano*, nor do I believe that such is her intention. It is, in fact, interesting that even with the large amount of appreciation and praise which have so far been lavished upon *Under the Volcano*, we can still have only a partial understanding of the many undercurrents which make up its richness and greatness. What Mrs. Epstein has done, significantly and well, is illuminate the important place of magic and mystery in Malcolm Lowry's creative genius and make the rediscovery of *Under the Volcano* an increasingly rewarding experience.

Poughkeepsie to New York

The Hudson's iced
like a long cake;
some birds
are stuck in it
for decoration.
Winter hisses:
"What is it to be awake?
I am down to skin and bone.
My branches have always been sticks."
It asks, it asks,
it really doesn't know,

just like the fifty
people on this train:
one sits here writing.
Some girls from college laugh.
A man reads the *News*
in his commuter-suit. Meanwhile,

in each of us,
the fluids are on the move,
they run through pipes and things.
We think we may be cold,
but we're not the chill;
we think we're the final skin,

riding along
inside this train, the ice
blood
in a silver vein.

JUDITH KROLL

distinctive

CHRISTMAS CARDS

☆ The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards – paintings by the masters, drawings and sculpture, luminous medieval miniatures burnished with gold and silver, angels from an eighteenth century crèche, rare enamels, early woodcuts, and festive Victorian prints are among the more than 50 designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum copies of sculpture, ancient jewelry, early American blown glass, the brilliant new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed L4

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
_____ ZIP_____

The wine of love is music And the feast of love is song...

Banquet on both with us 24 hours a day!

WGAY

STEREO 50,000 WATTS 24 HOURS 99.5 FM

A CONNIE B. GAY STATION

Serving Metropolitan Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Howard Kaye: Little Mags and Novelty

The New American Review, Numbers 1-6
Edited by Theodore Solotaroff

Once there was a battle against literary gentility to be fought. The *Atlantic* and *Scribner's* printed uplifting verse; the Post Office burned *Ulysses*. There was a common enemy, and little magazine editors were mostly united in fighting it.

That battle still goes on. Now, however, rebellion has become such a tired cause that the significant conflict would seem to be internecine, between editors striving for eternal novelty, and those hoping to encourage traditional literary values without being, in today's terms, counterrevolutionary. The *New American Review* is the most prominent recent force on the side of the latter.

Averaging 120,000 copies per issue through the magic of paperback distribution, *NAR* is by far the largest selling literary magazine in the country. (A literary magazine with one tenth that many readers is a booming enterprise.) It is a magazine that *makes* money. But far from being a midcult sell-out, *NAR* is at least as discriminating and adventurous as any of its starving competitors. In its six issues (there is a seventh in the works), it has been a model of judicious open-mindedness. The editors have confronted the siren-call of the bottomless avant-garde and the revolutionary not by stuffing their ears, but by lashing themselves to the mast and listening to what the ladies have to say. They do not, Solotaroff tells us, "plan to whore after the young and the wild or to publish material merely because its like has never before been seen on land or sea. We believe the cultural tradition needs to be restated, not abandoned."

NAR is not strictly a "literary" magazine. "Literature at present is so inextricably tied to the fearful, bewildering, and controversial state of our 'post-modern' culture that more and more of its interest lies in its social, political, and moral bearings," Solotaroff tells us; and he prints a substantial proportion of political and cultural essays whose authors resemble his description of Eric Bentley: "the mature radical critic who has stationed himself in the difficult area between action and reflection, between the warring ideologies, between the authorities and the young, and who accepts these tensions as the warrant for his position." Such balance between ideologies is not craven compromise, but the sign of a lean and muscular position, which has had the fat burned away by the heat of engagement in the actual, and which has had to work. We listen to it as we do not to the facile, intuitive, dogmatic view, like William Carlos Williams' insight that the sonnet is the root of evil in modern poetry. Williams does not convince us that he knows enough about sonnets to give his position weight.

Bentley, writing about Columbia in "The Unliberated University," is scarcely a tool of the establishment. He defends violence and illegality; he criticizes the standard reverence for "free speech"; he calls traditional humanistic values "pure hypocrisy." But he notes that "the existence of a certain authoritarian strain among some of the young radicals could not but remind the older ones of Stalinism."

Similarly Nat Henoff, in an essay on black power, tells us that "violence is better than despair because it can create self-respect." But he is able to get behind the rhetoric of revolution, recognizing that the United States will not, in the foreseeable future, be in a revolutionary situation; and he translates "revolution" into "organizing." In the same vein Ellen Willis, in "Lessons of Chicago," breaks out of the radical stereotype of the exemplary confrontation between Us and Them. She notes that the brutal, racist white working class, and even their representatives the Pigs, are real people, with legitimate fears and political grievances; and people who have to be reached and organized if talk about so-

THEY KNOW HOW MUCH MONEY YOU HAVE. THEY KNOW HOW WELL YOU DID IN SCHOOL. THEY KNOW HOW MUCH YOU DRINK. THEY KNOW IF YOU WERE EVER ARRESTED. THEY KNOW WHERE YOU GO AND WITH WHOM.

They know a lot of other things about you that you just might want to keep to yourself. And *they* can find all this out without you even knowing. At the push of a button. *They* happen to be almost anyone.

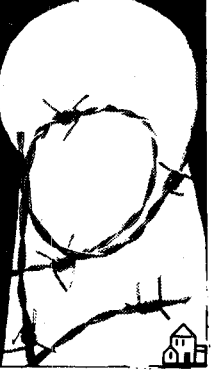
In THE DEATH OF PRIVACY, Jerry M. Rosenberg tells you how *they* can do it. How personal information about you is collected, stored and crossfiled on computers and is readily available.

If Congress authorizes a National Data Bank, the end result could be a nightmare of 1984. Because these facts will be collected randomly. Because they will present a picture of you filled with half-truths and exaggerations. Especially if the computer flashes instantaneous *misinformation* about you.

THE DEATH OF PRIVACY is a warning about an imminent threat, both from government and private agencies. And it is a demand for specific safeguards to protect your right to privacy.

"This is one of the most frightening and fascinating books that you are likely to read . . . (It) is essential reading for all who want to understand and do something about the mechanized assault upon privacy."—Elmer Gertz, *Book Week*

"*The Death of Privacy* is a troubling, convincing and necessary book."—John Leonard, *The New York Times*

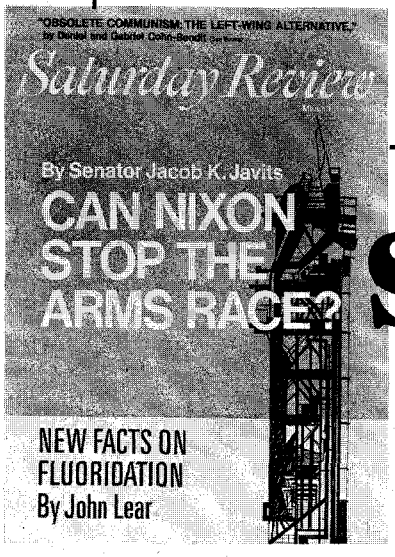


THE DEATH OF PRIVACY
By Jerry M. Rosenberg $6.95 RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Men who insist on communicating through force in a nuclear age disqualify themselves for meaningful survival."

Norman Cousins, writing in the
May 24, 1969 Saturday Review


"OBSOLETE COMMUNISM: THE LEFT-WING ALTERNATIVE,"
Saturday Review
By Senator Jacob K. Javits
CAN NIXON STOP THE ARMS RACE?
NEW FACTS ON FLUORIDATION
By John Lear

SURVIVAL KIT

for almost two million readers every week

Under its renowned editor, Norman Cousins, Saturday Review has been a vital force in the fight for world sanity and survival. For substituting reason for violence, world law for world war. And devoting man's resources to the creation of a safer and saner world.

Today's Saturday Review is read, enjoyed and used each week by nearly two million people who *care*. Who turn to Saturday Review each week for articles written by *other people who care*. Influential writers and policy makers like:

EUGENE J. McCARTHY: The Power of The Pentagon
JACOB K. JAVITS: Can Nixon Stop the Arms Race?
HUBERT H. HUMPHREY: Safeguard—A Question of Priorities
THEODORE C. SORENSEN: The First Hundred Days of Richard M. Nixon
EDMUND S. MUSKIE: What Happens When Peace Breaks Out?
CHARLES E. GOODELL: Biafra and the American Conscience
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.: The Limits and Excesses of Presidential Power
NORMAN COUSINS: ABM—President Nixon's Vietnam?

You will find Saturday Review articles timely...relevant ...and *lively*. Covering the subjects that interest and concern you most *now*. Opening up new areas for you to explore and enjoy. Reflecting the impact of today's new ideas and outlooks.

In addition to articles of interest and distinction, you will also enjoy important editorials that spark thinking and action...regular columns and features that will make you laugh, think, and understand the world a little better.

TWELVE MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

The magazine that started as the Saturday Review of Literature is now the Saturday Review of world affairs, science, education, communications, music, travel, business, art, theater, movies, TV-radio. *And* literature.

See for yourself how much you have in common with this uncommon national weekly. Take advantage of this special introductory offer—for new subscribers only—to get acquainted with Saturday Review:

34 issues only $2.97

(A $17.00 newsstand value; regularly $5.88 by subscription.)

If Saturday Review isn't all you expect, you may cancel your subscription *at any time* and receive a *full* refund. Not just the usual refund on unmailed copies, but your *money back in full!*

Use the accompanying, postage-free order card to start Saturday Review coming your way regularly. Enjoy this colorful and exciting weekly from cover to coverage.

Saturday Review

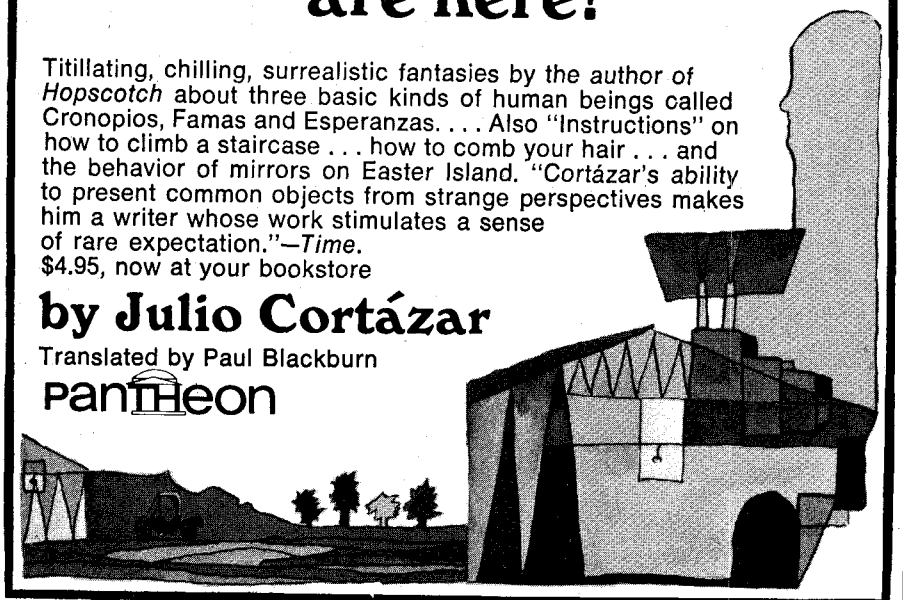
380 Madison Avenue **New York, N.Y. 10017**

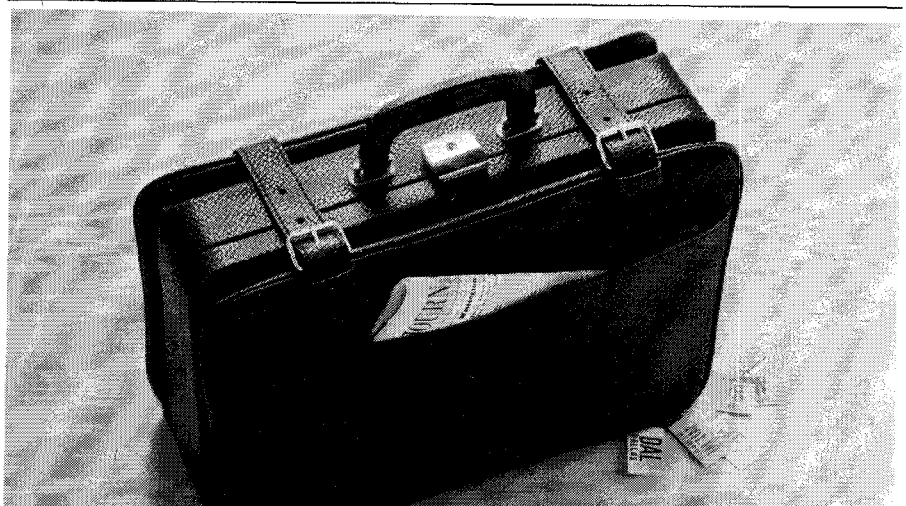
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last! The
CRONOPIOS AND FAMAS
are here!

Titillating, chilling, surrealistic fantasies by the author of *Hopscotch* about three basic kinds of human beings called Cronopios, Famas and Esperanzas. . . . Also "Instructions" on how to climb a staircase . . . how to comb your hair . . . and the behavior of mirrors on Easter Island. "Cortázar's ability to present common objects from strange perspectives makes him a writer whose work stimulates a sense of rare expectation."—*Time*.
$4.95, now at your bookstore

by Julio Cortázar
Translated by Paul Blackburn
PANTHEON





THE REAL McCOY!
Our "onboard" one-suiter is strictly the real *thing* in time-saving carry-on luggage. It's crafted of Seal-grained black Calfskin, double belted with chrome snap fittings and fine lock. Inside: moire-lined divided compartments. Outside: full-length document pocket. 18x13x4", it expands to twice its girth and fits easily under your airplane seat. Why settle for less? Do as Hatfield did and go for the real McCoy!

☐ Send me the "McCoy" One-Suiter, $60
☐ Matching Briefcase (fits "McCoy's" side pocket) $20
☐ Both "McCoy" and Matching Envelope Briefcase, $72 (a saving of $8).
☐ Please apply the following chrome initials: _____ $3.
Add $1 for post. & ins. (Calif. resid. add 5%). Return in 2 wks. if not delighted.
NAME
ADDRESS ZIP
Mail to: 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111
haverhill's
TNR-0802

cial change is going to amount to anything.

Most of *NAR*'s criticism, of plays, films, music, is open and hip, yet it recognizes the necessity of creating relevant standards, of placing present cultural forms in relation to, if not competition with, past forms. It does not deny the capacity of the critic to *judge* a work of art: which is more than experiencing it and reporting impressions. There is a tension in the mind of the sensitive critic between the automatic application of traditional frameworks of judgment, moral and esthetic, and an uncritical suspension of judgment in the face of experiment and trailblazing which elude conventional categories. The healthy result is that when these critics invoke the eternal verities, as they often do, they feel forced to defend themselves against imagined charges of complacency or irrelevance, and to demonstrate that the verities are still eternal. Thus Robert Garis, defensively, in a review of *The Graduate*: "By dramatic realism I mean the kind of representation of human behavior that engages your sympathy closely with the pleasures and pains, the decisions and failures to make decisions, of a 'believable' human being . . . . dramatic realism still speaks from and for valuable and central human interests which I take to be permanent."

The best of these critics are aware that technical and philosophic changes do not supersede earlier forms and attitudes. They extend the range of possibilities without rendering previous possibilities obsolete. Styles can coexist, blank verse with open forms, the Well Made Play with improvisational theater. People are still willing to suspend disbelief, and such people are not all Philistines. Some of them are the editors of *NAR*.

NAR short stories, displaying these critics' tastes, are overwhelmingly traditional in technique. Their milieu is contemporary, of course, as is the free use of sexuality, obscenity, and violence. But in terms of form and structure, nothing happens in most of these stories that would surprise Chekhov. They are stories about believable people, in situations of conflict, and they provide by the end a feeling of having got somewhere. This is old-fashioned, but it works; it is still moving, enlightening, and it enlarges the reader's humanity. Alan Friedman's "Willy-Nilly," unconventional in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject, is a first-person story in a perfectly familiar narrative mode. It concerns a hermaphroditic girl who has herself altered surgically to a boy; but, supplied with the desired organ, can't get it up. George Stiles' "Lines from the Quick" is a letter from a somewhat nymphomaniac young girl in jail. It is colloquial and misspelled, and belongs in the tradition of *Huck Finn*, or Ring Lardner. There are skillful, delicate, conventional stories by such established writers as R. V. Cassill and V. S. Pritchett. Grace Paley's "Faith: In a Tree" is an absolutely marvelous story, about husbandless mothers and their children in a Greenwich Village park. It is breezy, tough, loving. Like all good short stories, it makes a world for itself; but like few stories, it inhabits an exotic world which reveals previously unexperienced aspects of sensibility.

The most talked-about piece in *NAR* was a long chunk of *Portnoy's Complaint* in Number 3. It was, as has been remarked, hilarious and touching – and of course dirty as well. Solotaroff's decision to print it, despite his avowed feeling that the Jewish literary vineyard is about worked out, testifies to his taste and acumen, as well as to the fact that he has his ear to the ground.

Though most of *NAR's* stories defy the avant-garde and are simply good in plain old ways, there are several experimental ones. Robert Coover, with three stories, seems the resident experimentalist, notably with "The Cat in the Hat for President," a weird amalgam of realistic politics and fantasy. Donald Barthelme's "Robert Kennedy Saved from Drowning" is a sort of ersatz documentary, a series of mostly peripheral sketches and quotations: the point being, I think, that coherent "personality" or an "image" of a man is a fabrication. In John Barth's "Autobiography" the protagonist is the story itself; it is a four-page tour de force, though as Dr. Johnson said of *Paradise Lost*, no man ever wished it longer. Leonard Michaels' "Crossbones" is also short, a phantasmagoric breathless rush of run-on clauses. The experimental in these stories proves itself; it creates something on its own terms rather than merely proving it can go without something previously thought essential.

No generalization fits all the contributors to *NAR*, but many are young writers who have published in a num-

This Delightfully Clever, Simple

POSTAGE SCALE from DENMARK

COSTS ONLY $1.00

and will save you that dollar many times over!

"Marvelous gift idea!"

- It's a *POCKET SIZE POSTAL SCALE* which tells you instantly, with extreme accuracy, exactly how much postage is needed! No more putting on that extra stamp just because you "want to be sure"!
- Tests have actually proven it more accurate than Post Office scales!
- It's also a *LETTER OPENER* and *SEVEN INCH RULER!*
- Every *home* and *office desk*, every *briefcase*, every *pocketbook* needs one!
- Makes a perfectly marvelous personal or business gift! You don't have to worry that they may already have one, because they are always glad to receive another! (We get many orders for a dozen or more at a time. Some people must send them to everybody on their gift lists!)
- Imported from Denmark. Handsomely molded. Will last "forever." No springs — never needs adjustment! Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund, including postage.
- Not sold in stores. Please use this coupon to order.

GEAR FOR GOOD LIVING
90 Heights Road, Darien, Conn. 06820

Gear For Good Living, Dept. 6318
90 Heights Road, Darien, Conn. 06820
Please send DANISH POSTAL SCALES by return mail postpaid, as follows: ☐ 1 for 1.00. ☐ 3 for $2.80 ☐ 6 for $5.40. ☐ 12 for $10.00. Enclosed is cash ☐ check ☐ or money order ☐.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip .....

SPECIAL SALE BOX OF 48 - ONLY **$19.98** (Reg. $30.00)

If these genuine Portuguese cork tiles had cement backing, you'd pay $1.00 per sq. ft!

OUR SUPER-BARGAIN PRICE IS LESS THAN... 14¢ PER SQ. FT! — ½" THICK

● Cement this bargain and save! These are the real thing—genuine decorator acoustical cork tiles imported from Portugal. If we pre-cemented them, you'd have to pay over $100 more (compare)! Instead, buy a can of contact cement and take a few seconds to apply. So easy, a woman can do it! Fast, simple, save a mint. Can readily be trimmed with razor blade. Elegant, sound-proofing! 48 natural tawny brown-flecked Portuguese cork tiles, each 1 ft. x 3 ft. x ½ inch thick. 144 sq. ft. in all, enough to beauty-tile complete 8' by 18' wall . . . or to provide countless dramatic accents for home, office. "Leftovers" make handsome hot plates, bulletin boards! Limited quantities—order today!

Prompt shipment. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*
Send check or money order.

Total Bargain Price, Box of 48, $19.98
(express charges collect)
Write for FREE Color Catalog of unique gifts.

HOBI INC Dept. NR-89
7 Delaware Drive ● Lake Success, N.Y. 11040

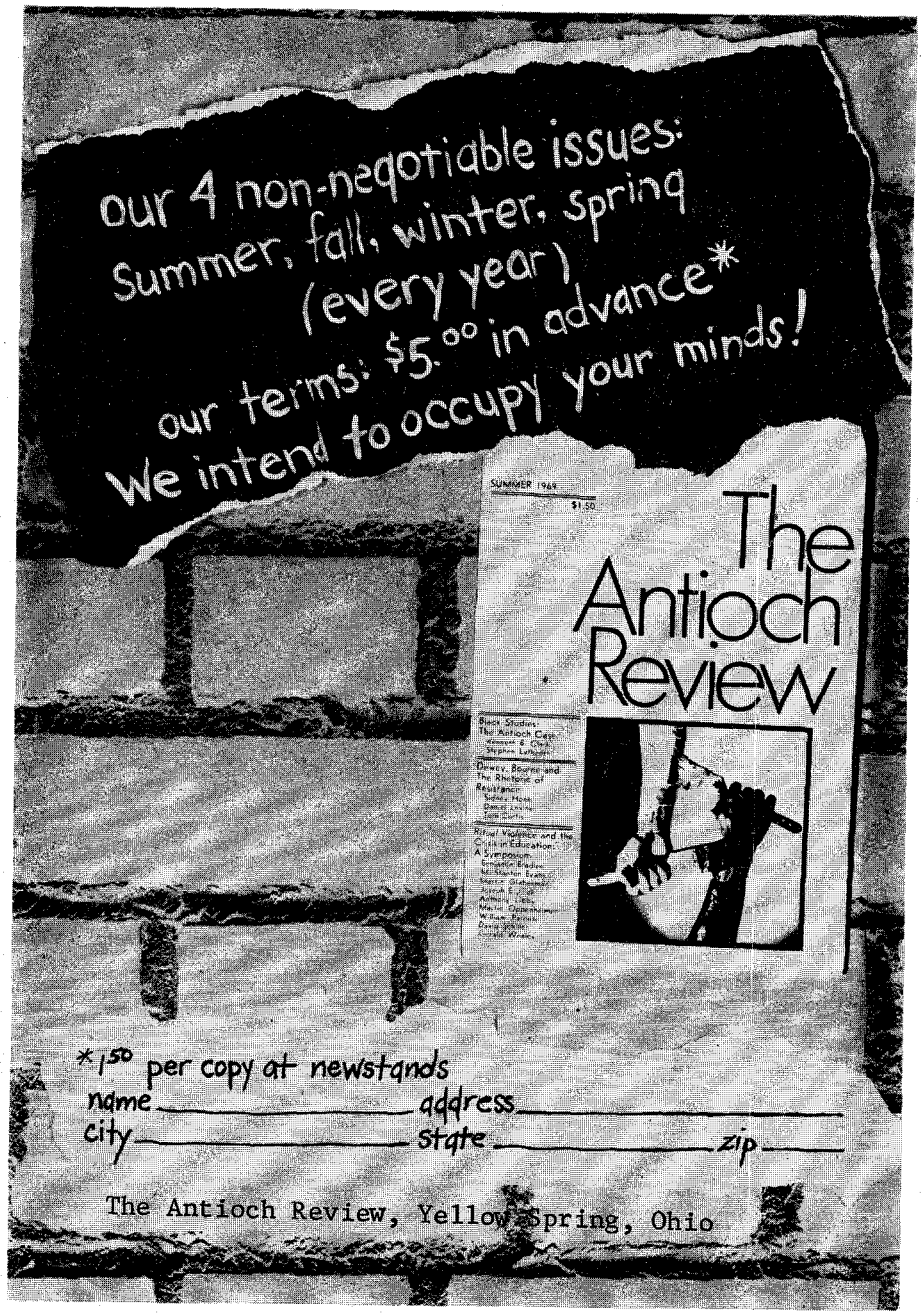
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber of magazines, perhaps published a book or two, but have not reached anything that could be called recognition. There are at least two young writers, whose work I first encountered in *NAR*, who seem to be exceptionally good. One is Alan Lelchuk whose long story, "Of Our Time," is topical, philosophical, vivid, human, passionate, and cool. It's about a young man in love with a neurotic divorcee and her children, and is set in the Boston-Cambridge intellectual scene. By the end the man concludes about involvement: "the idea meant very little unless it included profound disruption: unless the smooth regularity of your life was jolted from under you; unless you were no longer 'permitted' to define the rules of the game, but, instead, were shoved violently into position." But the story is not "about" its "moral"; it is about two people in a cultural milieu, and it is alive. My other favorite is Arlene Heyman, who has had two stories in *NAR*: "Strains of Iris" and "Freedom Now." The first is about a girl for whom everything goes wrong, a casualty of the modern city. Its climax comes when a man suddenly slips his hand between her legs, after she has been trying to find a bathroom all night: "Her cry came too late. Hot and sweet, she urinated all over him." Proving that even in this post-Burroughs age, as simple a thing as piss can have shock value. The second story is a gem, a story with a perfect crystalline structure. Like Lelchuk's story, it is about a man and a woman who has children. The man in this case is incapable of involvement, and his hang-ups are revealed with consummate subtlety. The story accomplishes the feat of making a psychiatrist a sympathetic, if pitiable, protagonist.

The poetry in *NAR*, chosen by Stanley Moss, also sticks mostly to the middle of the spectrum, avoiding both academic or formalist poetry and what used to be called "beat" or minimalizing poems. There are two or three poems in each issue which seem to me fine, along with a lot I don't like, but that's a pretty good percentage for poetry. Those I consider best are narrative or descriptive, conversational, leisurely, deliberately flat; they have, at least sometimes, the compression and intensity traditionally associated with poetry, but avoid a noticeably lyric or bardic feeling. For example, the beginning of Richard Hugo's "Degree of Gray in Philipsburg":

> You might come here Sunday on a whim.
> Say your life broke down. The last good kiss
> you had was years ago. You walk these streets
> laid out by the insane, past hotels
> that didn't last, bars that did, the tortured try
> of local drivers to accelerate their lives.

Several of the better poems verge, like Hugo's, on blank or accentual verse (Alan Dugan's "Idyll of Ascension"), reflecting, one might say, the *NAR* bent toward restating the cultural tradition, not abandoning it. In the most recent issues, Moss even prints Anthony Hecht's "The Ghost in the Martini," a good poem which rhymes. I can't be entirely positive about *NAR*; there have certainly been poems and stories I disliked, essays I disagreed with. I think Emile Capouya ("The Red Flag and the Black") takes too optimistic a view of human nature in supposing that under an "anarchist"



NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

J. M. EDELSTEIN *is a lecturer on bibliography at the University of California at Los Angeles.* HOWARD KAYE *teaches English at Cornell University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dispensation (by which he seems to mean something like the New Left) people making Decisions On Matters Which Affect Their Lives, etc., can do away with bureaucracy. I think Lionel Abel's theater criticism is based on questionable judgments presented without adequate explanations. And Theodore Roszak ("The Complacencies of the Academy"), who objects to the "service" concept of the university with regard to engineers and hotel managers, wants I think to provide the same sort of services for radical organizers.

Other readers will disagree with other things, yet *NAR* is clearly an exciting, engaged, vastly well-edited magazine, almost an indispensable one. It demonstrates that if editors can overcome the habit of assigning literary importance only to beleaguered movements, and of finding any contact with the academic corrupting to artistic integrity, a solid and energetic literary life can be found.

Correspondence

A Second Look

Sirs:

In their attack on "Bugging 'Subversives' " (July 5), the Editors accept with surprising nonchalance the claim that bugging for national security is exempted from the constitutional restraints on electronic surveillance. That claim deserves closer examination.

The editorial first accepts that the "probable cause" justifying wiretapping or other eavesdropping for "foreign intelligence" cannot be explained to a judge. Why not? If the suspected "foreign" activities are believed to be crimes, for instance espionage, that judgment is ultimately left to courts and juries. So why not the initial judgment of "probable cause" to suspect such activities? If, on the other hand, the activities cannot be shown to be probably unlawful, then what justifies an otherwise unconstitutional surveillance?

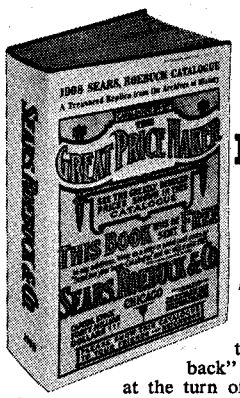
The Fourth Amendment prohibition against illegal searches and seizures (which includes bugging) contains no

How Fast Can You Read?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to increase your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, most people, regardless of their present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve their reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skill, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method in a new booklet, "How to Read Faster and Retain More" mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply enclose a dime to cover postage and handling. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Reading, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 535-018, Chicago, Ill. 60614. A postcard will do.



. . . collector's item!

FULL-SIZE REPRODUCTION!

SEARS ROEBUCK 1908 CATALOG

Full-color, laminated, bound only $6.95 ppd.

History lives again in this fascinating "look-back" to a nostalgic America at the turn of the century. 736 giant pages, over 40,000 items clearly illustrated, described and priced. Hours of fascinating fun for lovers of the unexpected, browsers. A rich treasure-house of Americana as you re-discover "mouse-proof" pianos for $87 . . . Stradivarius Violins for $5.98 . . . Flint Lock pistols $2.75 . . . wallpaper for 3c a double roll! Pages and pages of furniture, lamps, clothing, antique jewelry. Better than a hit show — and you have the best seat in the house for only $6.95 postpaid.

Prompt shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send check or money order — sorry no C.O.D.'s.
Send for FREE color catalog of unique gifts.

HOBI Inc. Dept. NR-89
7 Delaware Drive • Lake Success, N.Y. 11040

SPIRIT-PRINCIPLE, a private manual written anonymously on longevity and the obstacles, is not sold with hopes of building demand for additional publications. Expansion on subjects discussed is left to readers practicing understood portions. Not a book for the immature or the students of metaphysics as an academic subject, it has been labelled unsaleable by bookstores and worthless or offensive by some readers. If inquiries are received, a copy is sent for appraisal, return or remit $3.75. Brochure sent on request.
THE ADACX Company
P.O. Box 3190, San Francisco, Ca. 94119

if we are to survive

Thomas Merton, Vincent Harding, Freya Stark, Hans Koningsberger and William Strickland among others — in words written expressly for this book — draw a portrait of the world's future in terms of the revolutions of war, poverty, race, nations. Political scientists, philosophers and poets redefine the things of this *World:* beauty, art, politics, culture, death; and of the World's ends: love, friendship, truth, freedom.

"The authors prophesy with spontaneous passion and whimsy . . . Intimation and illuminations which catch the attention of an open mind."—***Kirkus Reviews***

PROPHETIC VOICES *IDEAS AND WORDS ON REVOLUTION Edited by NED O'GORMAN*

$6.95, now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

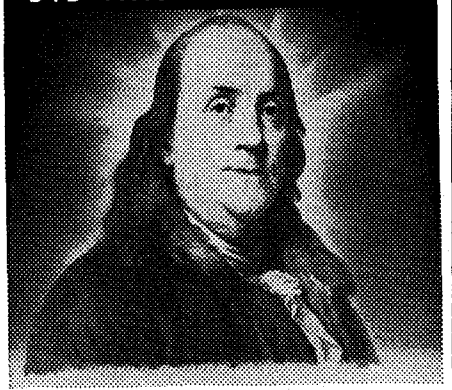
I REQUIRE . . .

a "dating service" that

- ☐ has outgrown pop prattle about the "swinging scene" (ages 21 to 65)
- ☐ has the enlightened versatility to match flower children and Wall Street tycoons (although only sometimes with each other)
- ☐ has penetrated bigtown anonymity to dare deal only with its more cultivated, intelligent, literary community (48% through personal referrals)
- ☐ offers exclusive, expensive, exhaustive, individual processing by trained consultants
- ☐ A LOOK AT YOUR OUTSTANDING QUESTIONNAIRE

MIND MATES
Bureau for Interpersonal Relations
1 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017
MU 2-3757

WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



Benjamin Franklin
(A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life!

Benjamin Franklin—like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) first came to America in 1694. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world. Write for YOUR FREE COPY of "The Mastery of Life"—TODAY. No obligation. No salesmen. A non-profit organization. Address: Scribe D.L.U.

THIS BOOK FREE!

The ROSICRUCIANS
SAN JOSE • (AMORC) • CALIFORNIA 95114

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe D.L.U.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114
Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
Please Include Your Zip Code

exclusion of "foreign" or "security" activities. On the contrary, in reviewing the conviction of the Soviet spy Rudolph Abel in 1960, the entire Supreme Court took for granted that this constitutional restraint was fully applicable to the government's pursuit of an alien suspected of espionage. And it applies by no means only to searches for evidence to be used in criminal trials. It is the government's snooping that the Fourth Amendment forbids without a showing of probable cause, whether the objective is prosecution or something else. The exclusion of evidence from a subsequent trial is not the object of the constitutional guarantee, but a consequence.

Nor are there grounds for the editorial faith that a category of national security bugging can be differentiated from the "infinitely greater danger to the rights of the individual" in electronic surveillance of domestic suspects. When the current horrible example is as appealingly "domestic" as the wiretapping of Martin Luther King, it is tempting to yield to the ancient social impulse of distinguishing what is right against "them" from what is right for "us"—a rule for foreign from a rule for domestic targets. But what has been done for the past 20 years in the name of security against external subversion and espionage has largely been done to Americans, in their employment, in their educational institutions, in intrusions upon their privacy. And if one government interest, that of international affairs, can serve to justify exceptions to Fourth Amendment procedures, why not others with equal claims to exceptional seriousness, such as organized crime, or planned large-scale violence, or preventing assassinations?

After a generation of living with claims of exigent dangers from abroad, it seems to de-mythologize foreign policy as an exceptional source of otherwise unjustifiable governmental conduct, and to subject it to the same scrutiny as other policy.

Would the Editors perhaps give us the benefit of a second look at "Bugging 'Subversives' "?

Hans A. Linde
University of Oregon

In reply . . .

A second look leaves the prospect of foreign-intelligence tapping and bugging precisely as disagreeable as we found it on a first look. But the gathering of foreign intelligence is not entirely—perhaps not even chiefly—law enforcement. It is spying. Professor Linde argues, we gather, that our Constitution should be read to forbid spying, or at least electronic spying within the continental limits. For he concedes implicitly that warrant procedures are unsuitable and would, as we said, be nothing but a sham, when a mere search for information, rather than the suspicion of unlawful activities is involved. Well, dangers from abroad may not be what they were 10 or 20 years ago, but they have not vanished, and we would go a bit slow in requiring the government to make believe that they have. The foreign affairs mythology, if that is what it is, still dominates other portions of our law, causing us to call off many of our customary legal bets when it comes to the President's conduct of relations with other countries, and it is not so startling to find the Constitution accommodating itself to the necessities of spying.

The Editors

Reparations Response

Sirs:

The excellent article on reparations for the black community by Stephen Rose (June 21) contained factual errors that I would appreciate having corrected.

1. I am not a member of the steering committee of the National Black Economic Development Conference, nor am I any longer on the staff of the Massachusetts Council of Churches.

2. I am a member of the Metropolitan Boston Committee of Black Churchmen which has taken local responsibility for the Black Manifesto and is seeking $100 million from churches and synagogues in the Boston area, *all* of which is to go to the inter-religious Foundation for Community Organizatiton to support the national program of the Black Manifesto. While the Christian Science Church has been the initial focus of the group and is expected to contribute substantially, other religious institutions in the area have substantial resources which will be called upon as well. Boston houses the national headquarters of the Universalist-Unitarian Society as well as economically

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strong parishes and judicatories of the United Church of Christ, the Episcopal Church, and the Roman Catholic Church.

Just after Rose's article appeared, a "White Reparations Caucus" made up of white Christians and Jews, was formed in the area to press the reparations issue "both in our institutions and in our personal lives." Similar events in a number of communities around the country suggest the growing momentum that Stephen Rose speculated about in his article.

Rev. James P. Breeden,
Harvard Graduate School of Education

Feudal Advice

Sirs:

It is a pity that Peter Barnes' otherwise excellent article – and that your journal – should be marred by the misinformed reference ("The Presidio 'Mutiny,'" July 5) to "the feudalistic nature of American military justice."

Be advised that in the feudal (feudal*istic* is simply pejorative for feudal) court of the Middle Ages the feudal lord (a "commanding officer" in Mr. Barnes' analogy) does not serve, or have his representatives serve, as prosecutor, jury and judge. In the feudal court was born the principle of judgment by peers (other vassals, *not* the lord), while the aggrieved individual prosecuted his own case before his peers, and in the only feudal court that employed a jury (the English king's court) the jurymen were not agents of the crown but twelve "lawful men" of the neighborhood sworn to give a true answer of "yes" or "no" to simple questions of fact (not of law). If the Presidio "mutineers" had been tried in a feudal court, the outcome might well have been different.

Modern military courts derive from the courts of admiralty and courts martial of the late fifteenth and sixteenth centuries – not the feudal courts of the Middle Ages.

Robert S. Hoyt
Professor of Medieval History
University of Minnesota

Head Start

Sirs:

We agree with Charles Smith in the June 22 *New Republic* that Head Start programs should give "children the feeling of life and self that is the behavior of learning." I regret that Mr. Smith has only seen Head Start classrooms that are "models of dullness." We would be glad to take him to other Head Start programs which are models of brightness, excitement and learning. Unfortunately, like many others who see a few local projects, Mr. Smith generalizes from one such program to the large national picture. Your readers should understand clearly that each local Head Start program is free to carry out Head Start objectives in its own way. No one has yet come up with *the* best way.

Richard E. Orton
Associate Director
Project Head Start

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

scribe an action for fear of spoiling it for a prospective viewer, that is a pretty fair index of the action's superficiality.

After all these reservations, important as I think them, *Easy Rider* is still an extraordinary first film, particularly from a director who participated in it three ways. It tries to explore its subject, to throw its characters into it and let them take their chances, not merely (in TV style) to substitute new problems for older problems in what is essentially the same script. It tries to create an organism of free flight, and it gets its dynamics from all those interesting assumptions. In cold factual terms, Fonda and Hopper are pretty low types – experienced drug-peddlers, criminal vagabonds; but we are given to see two rebels, whose motives are presumably so understandable that they don't even have to be stated, living their own version of two great American romances: the Natural Life (Huck and Tom on motorcycles) and the Frontier. For reasons that have something to do with Jung, a good deal to do with our society's growing unease and at least as much to do with film art, *Easy Rider* often gets what it wants from us.

Does the country really need a $1 Christmas card?

We have several. Also greeting cards priced as low as 50¢. Cards are small editions, unique frameable handscreens commissioned from Warhol, Dine, Trova, Indiana, etc. Send this ad and 10¢ for illustrated leaflet to MULTIPLES, Box T, 929 Madison Ave New York City, 10021.

"MINGO COUNTY, *West Virginia is about to be visited by seventy representatives of the affluent society. They'll arrive bag, baggage and liberal guilt, and stay for three weeks, at the end of which everyone will be Enriched, especially the folks in Mingo County. Put down the shotgun, Paw—at $378 per tourist, who needs coal mines?*"

For a free copy of Wm. F. Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. N, 150 E. 35 Street, N. Y. 10016.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

CHANGING ADDRESS?

Send back old and new addresses to

Subscription Department
The New Republic
381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio

Allow four weeks for change to become effective

New Address

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personals

HOW MANY VIETNAMESE FOUGHT IN *OUR* CIVIL WAR? Bumpersticker. 5/$1.00. Bell & Company, Commercial Center, Beverly Hills 90210.

BUTTONS, BUMPERSTICKERS. All custom-made. Lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $1.00 (refundable) for price list and samples. LARRY FOX, Box 581-N, Hempstead, New York. Phone: (516) 825-7706.

A NEEDY AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD, eager and beguiling, awaits your sponsorship for clothing, books, continued education. $12.50 monthly. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Road, Washington, D. C. 20016.

KENNEDY '72 buttons 5/$1.00, bumperstickers 4/$1.00. DRUM, Box 699-NR, Fairfield, Connecticut.

LIKE SMARTLY PRINTED STATIONERY—RICH textured papers? Send today for free idea-packed sample assortment many styles, sizes and beautiful colors. Both social and professional items shown. JACQUES COMPANY, Room 5-FA, 310 East 25th Street, New York, New York 10010.

ARTIST MODEL PLAYING CARDS. 54 card deck. $1.00. Valmar Sales. Box 705-N, Glen Alpine, North Carolina 28628.

TED/72 Bumper Stickers 4/$1. P.O. Box 195, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74101.

TODAY IS AN AMERICAN FLAG ENOUGH? Display a United Nations Flag. U.S. Associates, P.O. Box 896, Columbia, Maryland 21043. A movement is growing—now $.50 each 3"x4" decal. Bulk discounts.

WILD MUSHROOM LOVERS join International Mycophagist Association. Wild Mushroom Center of the World. Dr. John M. Linnet, Shamokin, Pennsylvania $2.00 Certificate.

"JOY TO THEE AND ME—CONFUSION To Our Enemies." Plaque, $1.50; deluxe, $2.50. IDEA PLAQUES, Box 178-N, Rye, New York 10580.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS, gloves, moccasins. Send 50c for genuine buckskin money poke and big catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 67, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

WATCHBAND CALENDAR — 12 monthly metal wafers, starting current month; fold around watchband. $1.50. IDEA HOUSE, Rye, N. Y. 10580.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" PLAQUE 8⅛" x 4" $1.50. Deluxe Edition, $2.50, grandiose, $5.00. Bumperstrip, 2/$1.00, 6/$2.50. Wry Idea Company, Box 178-N, Rye, New York 10580.

MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will Forms and attorney's information book. $1.00. Legal Forms Company, Dept. 25, 1967 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

SEARCHING? . . . It's not enough to just "know thyself." COM/PAIR, the "People-Matching-People" of Princeton speed your search. It's a way to meet a truly interesting match. National, international clients. $10 fee payable when you return questionnaire. Request free questionnaire from Com/Pair Systems, NR26, 194 Nassau, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

SLEEP-LEARNING; HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia Washington.

"FOUR WILL FORMS" and Lawyer's 64-Page Booklet, plus "Guide to Wills," Complete $1.00. National Forms, Box 48313 NR, Los Angeles, California 90048.

COURT DECISIONS — Statutes — Authorities—on ANY LEGAL QUESTION—in Non-Technical Language—No Personal Opinion Involved. In Attractive Binder. Professional Analyst (LL.B.) 25.00 dollars. Law Research, Box 4180 New Republic.

DISCOVER AN INTRIGUING, fun approach to meeting alert, literate, Jewish singles. No computers used. For FREE analytical questionnaire write giving age. OPERATION MAZEL TOV, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

PACKET ON MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX will provide you with ammunition by J. K. Galbraith, General David Shoup, Charles Schultze, I. F. Stone, many others. Send $1.00 to Dept. m, SANE, 381 Park Avenue, South, New York, New York 10016.

HAVE YOU EVER TALKED TO A RUSSIAN? You can on August 23rd because CITIZEN EXCHANGE CORPS believes that now more than ever face-to-face citizen level diplomacy is a step toward SURVIVAL. C E C's three week study-exchange programs in the USSR are open to Americans of all ages and occupations. Leave NYC AUGUST 23 or CHRISTMAS. Write-Wire: CEC NR 8/2, 10 West 46th Street, New York City 10036 or 212—LT 1-8113.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, all occupations, sixty countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Only $2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip. New York 11730.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. 97, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low-cost, custom-made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. Please state intended use. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING, INC., Dept. NR, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Mo. 63132. Phone (314) 423-5495.

DIRTY OLD MEN NEED LOVE TOO—over 225 other underground buttons. 1/25c, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumperstickers, beads and peace jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Free sample to stores. A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 MISSION, SAN FRANCISCO 94103.

HELP Amnesty International free LARISSA DANIEL (USSR), TRUONG DINH DZU (So. Vietnam), WOLE SOYINKA (Nigeria) and Prisoners of Conscience everywhere. Send $10.00 for regular membership, or inquiries, to AIUSA, Dept. NR, Suite 1213, Dupont Circle Building, Washington, D. C. 20036.

AMERICA, SAVE IT OR SCREW IT! Multi-purpose bumperstrip. 2/$1.00. Age of Aquarius, Box 1144-N, Wilmington, Delaware 19899.

Literature

CHINA IN MAPS: An atlas of 24 colored maps, historical and geographical, 11 x 8½". Postpaid $1.50. Remit with order Denoyer-Geppert Company, 5235 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60640.

A NEW VOICE IN THE SOUTH WEST. The OKLAHOMA LIMITED will explore in depth the political life of Oklahoma. Published biweekly. $5.00 per year. Box 1041, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73101.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION for students, teachers and armed forces personnel to The New Republic Magazine. $6.00 for one year (a Saving of $4.00) or $4.00 for eight months. Mail payment and this ad to The New Republic Subscription Department/381 West Center Street/Marion, Ohio 43302.

NATION'S Capital; nation's colony. Until we get self-government, your congressman helps run our city. Find out how he's doing. Read lively DC inner city monthly. Six months: $1.00. Capitol East Gazette, 109 8th Street NE, Washington, D.C. 20002.

YOU THINK MISSISSIPPI SOULS HAVE IT BAD . . . learn about Texas 'chicanos.' Mexican-Americans, 129 Cincinnati, San Antonio, Texas 78201, $1.00.

POEMS WANTED FOR QUARTERLY PUBLICATION. Submit several. POETRY PAGEANT, Box 3677-RNZ, Washington, D.C. 20007.

BEST BOOKFINDERS IN NEW YORK: ORSAY BOOKS, 86-32N Eliot Ave., Rego Park, New York City 11374.

REMARKABLE NEW PUBLICATION. A group of Chicage reporters annoyed with the biased outlook of their publishers, are issuing an excellent publication of their own: the Chicago Journalism Review. Chicago Tribune editor Clayton Kirkpatrick says: "I can't say that I take it seriously." $5 brings you a one-year subscription; a sample copy is free. Chicago Journalism Review, Room 700, 11 East Hubbard St. Chicago, Illinois 60611. Thank you.

BACK DATE MAGAZINES: Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-NR, Maywood, New Jersey 07607.

PACIFISM—Theory Outline. Baez Grad. $1.00. Box 416 Madison, Wisconsin 53701.

SIX-PAGE REPRINT of Robert Brustein's "A Case for Professionalism" (NR-April 26, 1969) with Eric Bentley's reply "Going Over to the Enemy" (NR-May 17, 1969) now available (prepaid basis only) at the following prices: 1-4 copies—20c each; 5-99 copies—15c each; 100 or more copies—10c each. Orders to Reprint Department, The New Republic, 1244 19th Street N.W. Washington, D. C. 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY NAME IS RICHARD. I write BOOKS — publish them myself and sell them for $1. Want one? Send your $1 to: Richard Liebow, 948 Market, San Francisco 94101.

INFOCUS: CHICAGO CONVENTION. 50 pages photography. $1.00. Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

Schools

"TECHNIQUE IN ART IS MUCH LIKE IN LOVE MAKING. Heartfelt ineptitude has its appeal as does heartless skill but what we want is passionate virtuosity." (John Barth) Pacific High School, a school devoted to freedom and passionate virtuosity. Box 311, Palo Alto, California 94302. 408—867-2260.

SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE—On Appalachian Trail overlooking Poconos. Opening this fall. Grades 10-11, boarding 20 boys, 16 girls. Intercultural, venturesome, non-denominational but seriously Christian, related to Kirkridge retreat-and-study center founded 1942. All-teach-all-learn community including expert teachers for college preparation, social relevance, late-teen self-realization. 85 miles from Manhattan and Philadelphia. Write SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE, BOX 1, BANGOR, PENNSYLVANIA 18013. Phone 215-581-8954.

QUAKER STUDY CENTER—Suburban Philadelphia. Workshop in social change and non-violence. Seminars on life of dialogue. Quakerism, Buber, learning to love poetry, drama, writing, crafts. Write D. R. Fradley, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 19086.

Employment Wanted

CHURCH ADMINISTRATOR—after 25 years diversified experience as Protestant Church Council Executive—starting early summer in 1970 in the Boston, Massachusetts area—desires part-time, or half-time, or full-time position for out of pocket expenses plus around $1,800 or $2,400 annual salary (if available) in church, college, or peace organization—to concentrate in public and international affairs, or in laymanship, or in public relations. Write for references and "Who's Who" record, to Box 4230, New Republic.

Employment Opportunities

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities $1.00 Buckeye, Box HC, Fairborn, Ohio 45524.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—Teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators; department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 2780, Windsor, Connecticut.

PRIVATE KINDERGARTEN TEACHER HALF-TIME. Sept. '69 $350 month. Inquire 170 South Garden, Bellingham, Washington 98225.

SECRETARY TO D.C. MENTAL HEALTH SKILL TRAINING PROJECT. Mature, independent, well organized, swift, accurate secretarial skills. Deal with public, register students, correspondence work with black community. . . . High Pressure Job. Box 4235, New Republic.

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH NEEDED for 1969-70 and 1970-71 school years in Algerian Lycees with private voluntary organization under contract with Algerian Ministry of Education. Prior teaching experience essential, graduate degrees preferred, must have working knowledge of French. All expenses paid and provision made for tax free savings. Placement August 1969. Write International Voluntary Services, 1555 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; or telephone 202—387-5533.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest Government Information and Forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-EE, Long Beach California 90803.

Vacations/Travel

287 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 167 cities, 24 countries. Excellent, inexpensive. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyages, Ltd., Box 24684NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying freighters. Travel-tips, 40-21 JCS, Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Property–Sale/Rent

MATHEWS COUNTY, VIRGINIA. 7 room simple handsome farm home piazza, on 12 acres, near Piankatank River and Chesapeake Bay. Modern kitchen and bath $25,000. John Askling, Cobbs Creek, Virginia.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES now available in the lovely suburban communities of Cleveland Heights, Shaker Heights and East Cleveland. All near spacious well equipped shopping centers, nationally acclaimed schools. These homes are located in mature integrated neighborhoods near Cleveland's Cultural Center, they sell from $16,000 to $32,000. VA Buyers "0" Down, FHA as low as $300.00 Down. Contact: Cleveland Listing Exchange, Inc., 2221 N. Taylor Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio—216—851-1000.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, the Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact: The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120, 216—751-2155.

FOR SALE: Several tracts of land in Beautiful Arkansas River Valley—Write for details: H. E. Harvey, Route 1, Box 259, Clarksville, Arkansas 72830.

MOVING TO CHICAGO AREA? INTERESTED IN MULTI-RACIAL COMMUNITY, CONVENIENCE AND SPACIOUS HOME AT MODERATE PRICE? Middle Maywood is the place to live! Contact: Box 295, Maywood, Illinois 60153.

Arts and Crafts

LITHOGRAPHS, ETCHINGS: Chagall, Miro, Braque. Moderately priced. Illustrated catalogue, 50c. George Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst, New York 11373.

COLLECT ORIGINAL SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau. Margulies, Raphael Soyer, from $15. Free catalog with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25c for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 6, 663 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

CABUYA BAGS—Woven natural-fibre handbags—leather-trimmed—for beach, campus, casual wear. (C. D. Project) Write: Andean, Box 472-R, Cuenca, Equador.

Music

EASIEST STRINGED INSTRUMENT TO PLAY. Dulcimers $35 up, Kits $15 up. HERE, Inc., Box 341, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

HARD-TO-GET folk, jazz and blues lps. Send wants. Monon Record Service, Box 18221 BT, San Francisco, California 94118.

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 NR, New York, New York 10023.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) 45c
Per word 6 times in one contract year ...40c
Per word 12 times in one contract year...37c
Per word 24 times in one contract year...33c
Per word 48 times in one contract year...30c

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 20036

Printed by Merkle Press, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's lifelong friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality ...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary ...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revué de Paris: "Mesmerizing ...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package ...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of AVANT-GARDE announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed AVANT-GARDE as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of AVANT-GARDE have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of AVANT-GARDE—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively *to this one subject. The issue will carry no* advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of AVANT-GARDE will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of AVANT-GARDE are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in *publishing, as well.*

Copies of this special collector's edition of AVANT-GARDE will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—*free*—as a gift to all new subscribers to AVANT-GARDE.

In case you've never heard of AVANT-GARDE, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from AVANT-GARDE's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. AVANT-GARDE steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to AVANT-GARDE their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. AVANT-GARDE serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." AVANT-GARDE is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to AVANT-GARDE include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Dr. Karl Menninger, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over AVANT-GARDE. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! AVANT-GARDE has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "AVANT-GARDE is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "AVANT-GARDE is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "AVANT-GARDE's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "AVANT-GARDE is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to AVANT-GARDE ordinarily cost $10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY $5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter your subscription (five issues)—*and obtain a copy of the Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE*—simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: AVANT-GARDE, 110 W. 40 St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry, since quantities of the Picasso folio are limited and this offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive a subscription bonus par excellence, and your first copy of an exuberant new magazine that is equally devoted to the love of art and the art of love.

AVANT® GARDE
110 West 40th Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose $5 for a ten-month subscription to the exuberant new magazine AVANT-GARDE. I understand that I am paying virtually *HALF PRICE* and that I will receive—*ABSOLUTELY FREE*—a copy of the magnificent art folio containing Picasso's erotic engravings.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

©AVANT-GARDE 1969. NR-19

JUL 28 1969
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED